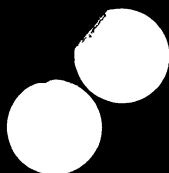
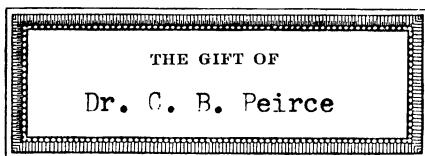
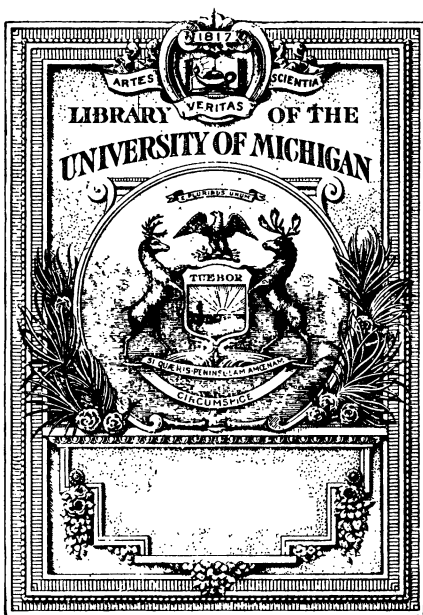
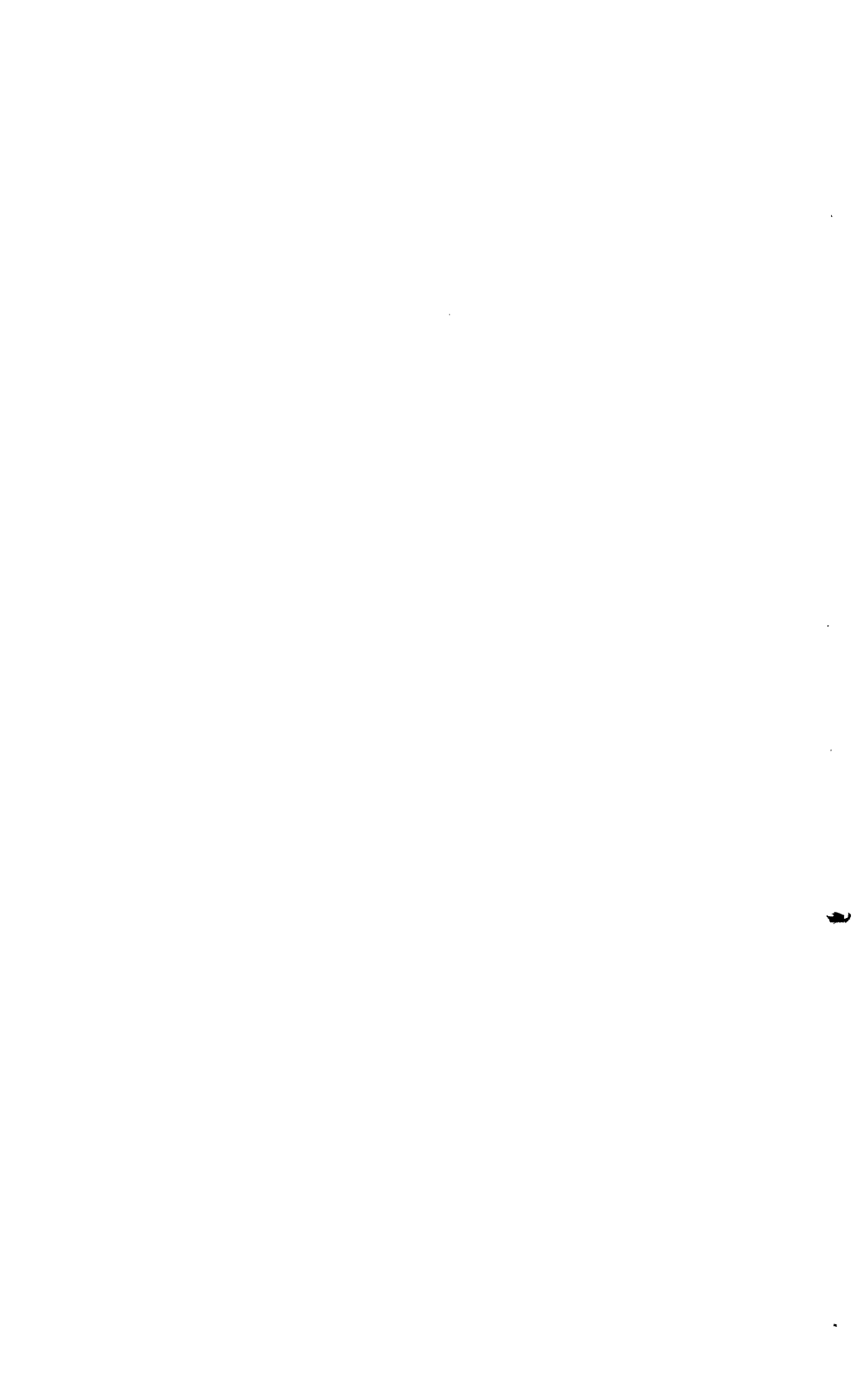


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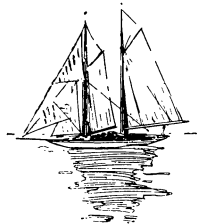
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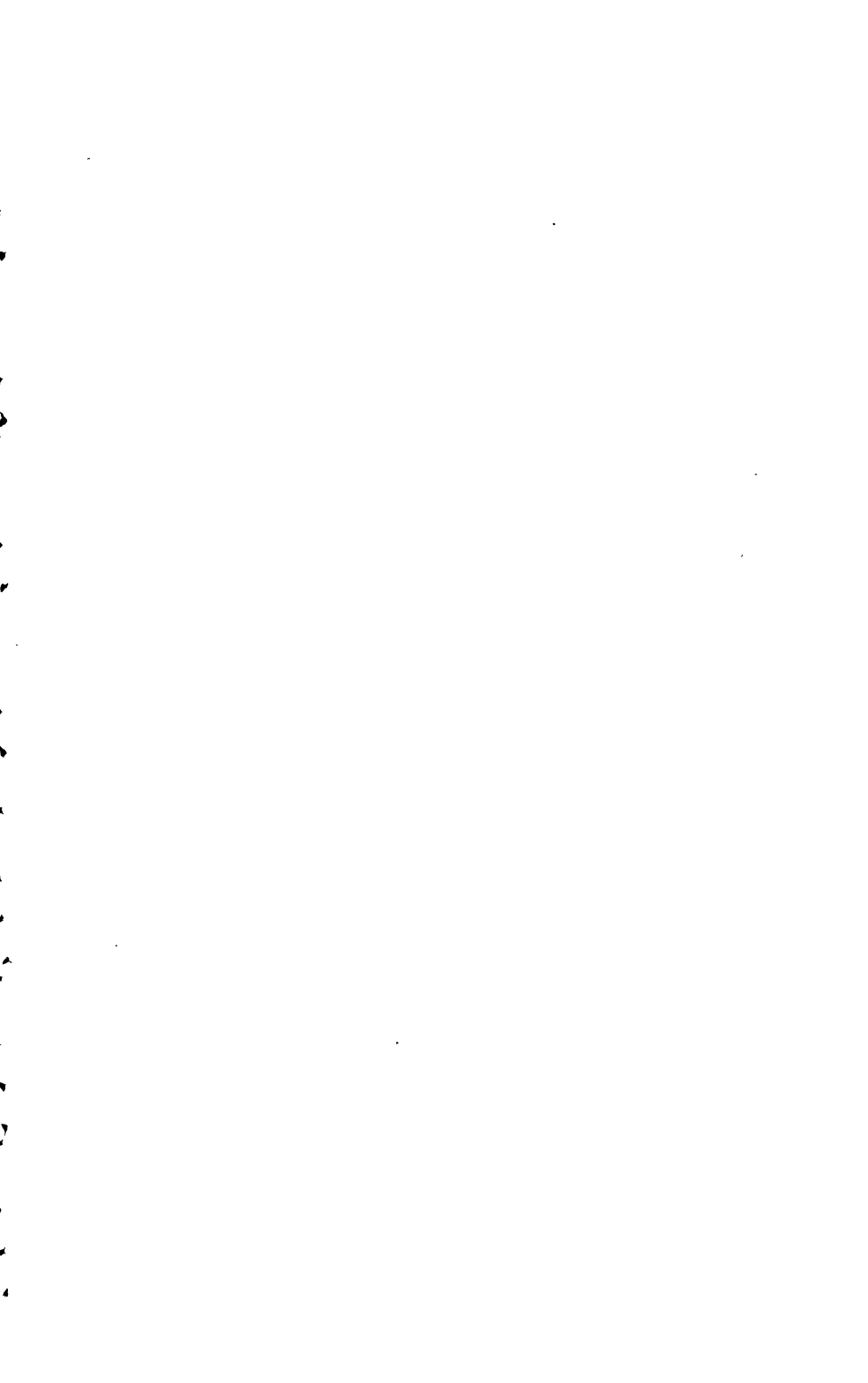


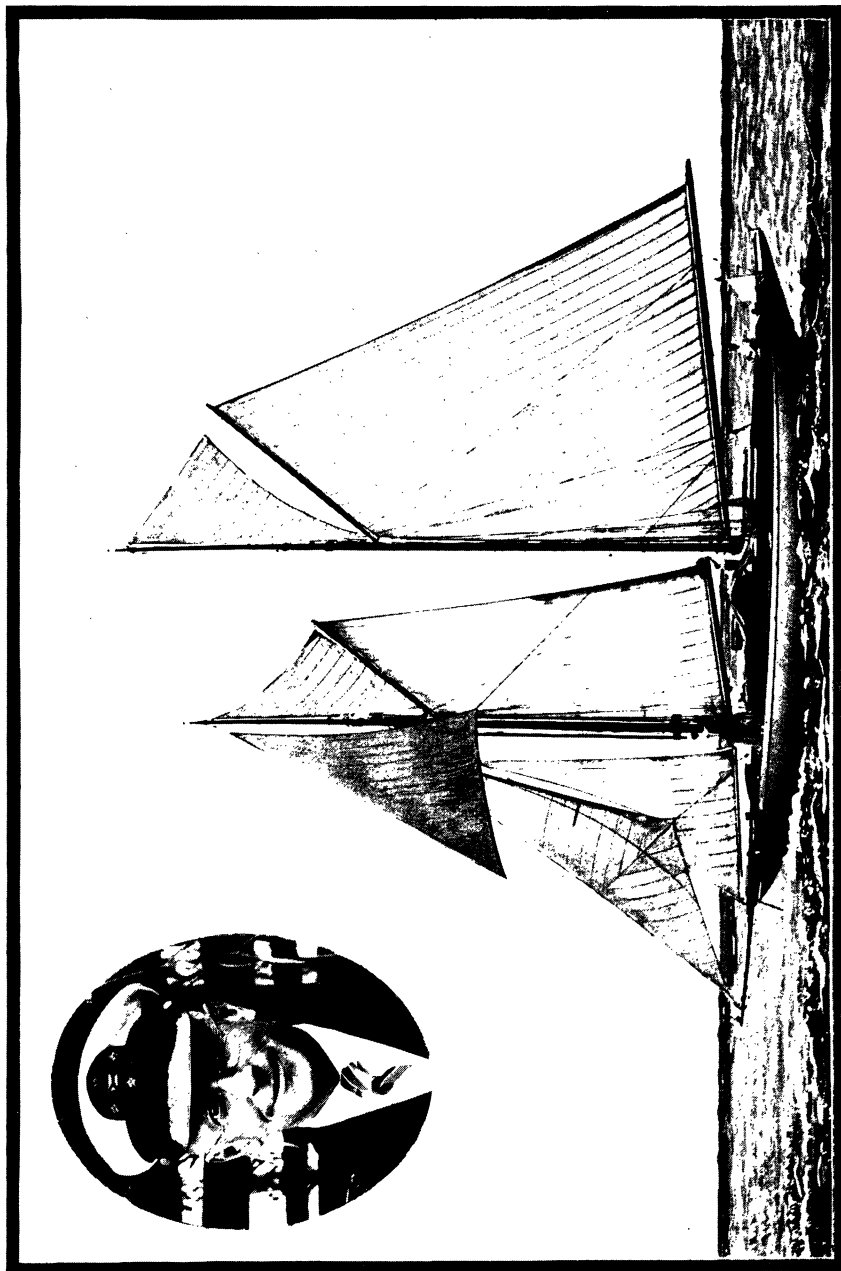




The Viking Goes to Sea







SCHOONER YACHT VIKING IV.

Fifty-four ft. over all, fourteen ft. beam, seven ft. draft. Flagship Pacific Coast Yachting Association. Full beam view, showing working canvas. Portrait of skipper in oval.

The Viking Goes to Sea



Being an Account of the
Honolulu Race of 1923

By ALBERT SOILAND, M.D.
*Admiral Pacific Coast Yachting Association
and Skipper of the Schooner Yacht VIKING IV*

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P R E F A C E

THE author dedicates this little narrative to his loyal crew and to those Corinthian yachtsmen who respond to the call of the open sea. He realizes full well that a personal tale such as this is of interest only to a limited number, yet he hopes that some of the words may strike a responsive chord among those who find patience enough to follow it thru. The original aim was to write the condensed log of the race only, but like Topsy, "it just grew."

The revival of the Trans-Pacific ocean classic was accomplished by concerted effort between members of the Southern California Yachting Association and their fellow yachtsmen of the Hawaiian Islands.

The success of the race can be attributed largely to the splendid impetus given this classic by the officers and members of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club. These men created public interest in the race, worked out the handicap rules, saw that beautiful trophies were secured and attended to all necessary details. So many individuals gave their energies and wholehearted support to the event that

it is impossible to name them. Special credit should be given Commodore Peddar of the Santa Barbara Yacht Club, who issued the first challenge for the race; to P. H. L. Wilson, Chairman of the Race Committee; to Edson B. Schock, Naval Architect, who measured the boats; Paul C. Jeffers, Secretary of the Southern California Yachting Association, and many others.

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An Ode to the Viking

ON HER RACE TO HONOLULU, JULY, 1923

By JOHN HEATH

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Viking in his sturdy "Viking" sailed
Into the sunset, down the Western Sea,
On quest heroic as a quest may be—
A glorious adventure, to be hailed
Worthy of his forebears, or if he failed
His but to pay the supreme penalty.
Came blue days and the wind's sweet minstrelsy,
And jewelled purple nights and dawns mist veiled.
So on to victory the Viking flew
Three thousand miles ere ever sail was furled.
We hail the sea—the realm of romance true,
And valiant contest in a sordid world.
All glory to the ones who greatly dare
And bring their laurels home with friends to share.



THE VIKING GOES TO SEA

THE outstanding feature of the regatta held at Santa Barbara during the month of July was the Honolulu Race, and to a casual observer even, it was apparent that interest in local events of the regatta was secondary to this big feature. All were keyed up and impatiently awaiting the last day of the week, which would see the gallant craft on their way across the broad expanse of the Pacific.

Saturday, July 21st, broke out with a fresh, westerly breeze. The participants, owners and crews, were busily engaged getting aboard provisions, water and supplies. The day before, Mrs. Soiland and I had visited Santa Barbara provision dealers and had selected enough food material, it appeared, to suffice for a cruise around the world, and when arranged for delivery, I doubted whether the little vessel could accommodate such a formidable array of boxes, cans, cartons, crates, and packages, and on top of this, Mrs. Soiland, with her wonderful thoughtfulness, had surreptitiously placed on board

many delicacies which the cook later served at unexpected moments, much to our delight and enjoyment. The food was finally stored away, but the water problem was more difficult. The tank capacity being small, we proceeded to fill five gallon tins with water and stow them away wherever we could find space. This made the supply ample.

At twelve noon, everything was snugly belayed. Our wives came on board for the last good-byes, wishing us Godspeed and luck. With thirty minutes to spare before the starting gun, we cast off to shake out our sails, get the crew warmed up, in order to show the natives how to get over the line first. Right here, I must stop to call the roll, and introduce the crew. Meet the lanky first mate, C. W. Bradbury, otherwise "Brad," the Beau Brummell of the ship. In private life a respectable merchant with sea-going proclivities. He was the deadly enemy of dirt and disorder, and also had an enormous aptitude for work and grub—a fine combination. The second mate, Staff Commodore Claude Putnam, of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, our artist "Put," official scribe and keeper of the social log. An artist by profession and a Bohemian by choice. His good nature and light profanity, uttered in generous quantities, had an invigorating effect on the ship's ensemble. Otto Wildey, prominent builder of city blocks and Staff Commodore of the California Yacht Club, was

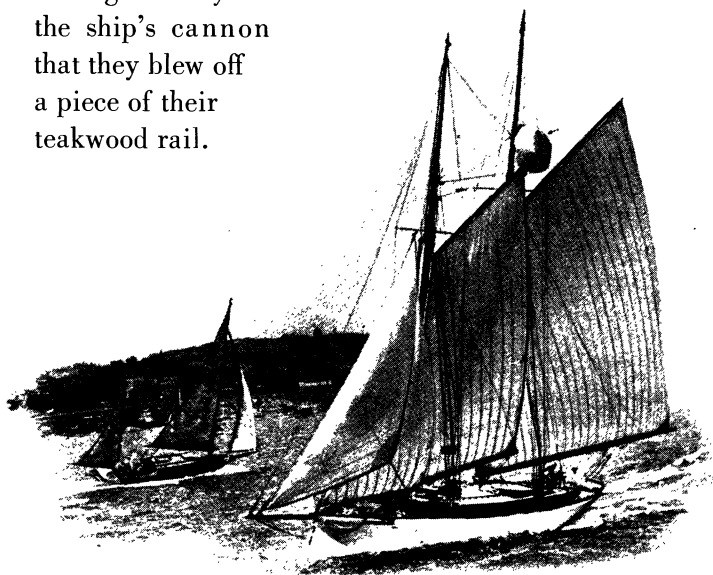
Bos'n and starboard watch. In addition, Otto was leader of the ship's barber shop quartette, and we nearly ruined our singing voices trying to keep step with him to the tune of "Down on the Little Pee Dee," during the graveyard watches. Beecher Hungerford, cultured orchardist from the sunny southland, known as "Beech," the Bos'n's mate and chief of the port watch, completed the roll of Corinthians. Beech had much to do, but little to say, and he did both very well. Alexander McDermott shipped as assistant sailing master, and "A. B." (which is French for "able-bodied seaman") Mac. had spent many years at sea in ships, but on none so small as the Viking. On the trip over, he was willing and agreeable, and assisted in every way he could in the navigation and sailing of the yacht. Last, but by no means least, came Bill Bahrt, the genial cook, but more of him later. I almost forgot, with becoming modesty, to mention "me—himself" the skipper, Albert Soiland, M. D., physician and surgeon in ordinary, to His Majesty, the American Public; week-end devotee to the king of outdoor sports, yachting, and at the present writing, admiral of the fleet of organized Pacific Coast yachtsmen.

We were now out, looking over the other Honolulu racers, all jockeying for the start. The Mariner had just swung into the channel. She was very graceful and her canvas fitted wonderfully well.

The black Idalia looked like a dangerous contender. She was slender, rakish looking, and slipped thru the water without effort. The trim Diablo was outside also, and looked like a real racer. We, on the little Viking, were beginning to feel foolish and somewhat apprehensive as to our ability to even make a showing against such a galaxy of stars, but we gritted our teeth and said, "On with the dance." It was now just five minutes before the starting gun, and the ketch Spindrift had joined the skirmishers, but the big Poinsettia was still serenely at anchor. Just then, as I called an order to bout ship for the line, the main peak bridle broke, and our gaff suddenly developed alarming symptoms. It was exasperating, after having persistently gone over every part of the ship and rigging and finding no flaws, to have such a foolish accident spoil our grandstand get away over the line. However, Mac made a hurried coupling of the parted bridle, and succeeded also in mashing his finger badly, but we got the peak up high enough to blow us over the starting line in third place. The Diablo was first, the Mariner second, then the Viking, Idalia, and Spindrift in order named. Just as we went over, the Poinsettia was crawling up with her canvas half set, and was the last to get the starter's O. K.

The send-off was one never to be forgotten. The whole city of Santa Barbara was alive with

action. Bells rang, whistles shrieked, the multitude on shore shouted farewell, waving hats and handkerchiefs. Every craft on the bay joined in an escorting procession, and followed us out to sea. Those who came by and gave us a real parting salute, were the power yacht, *Lady Luck*, with Commodore Shirley Meserve of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club aboard, carrying as passengers Mrs. Meserve, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Fenton, Mrs. Soiland, Mrs. Putnam and Mrs. Briggs, and then the power yacht, *Mandarin*, with Vice Commodore Herbert Cornish of the California Yacht Club and Rear Commodore Warmington with their wives and guests. They saluted us so vigorously with the ship's cannon that they blew off a piece of their teakwood rail.

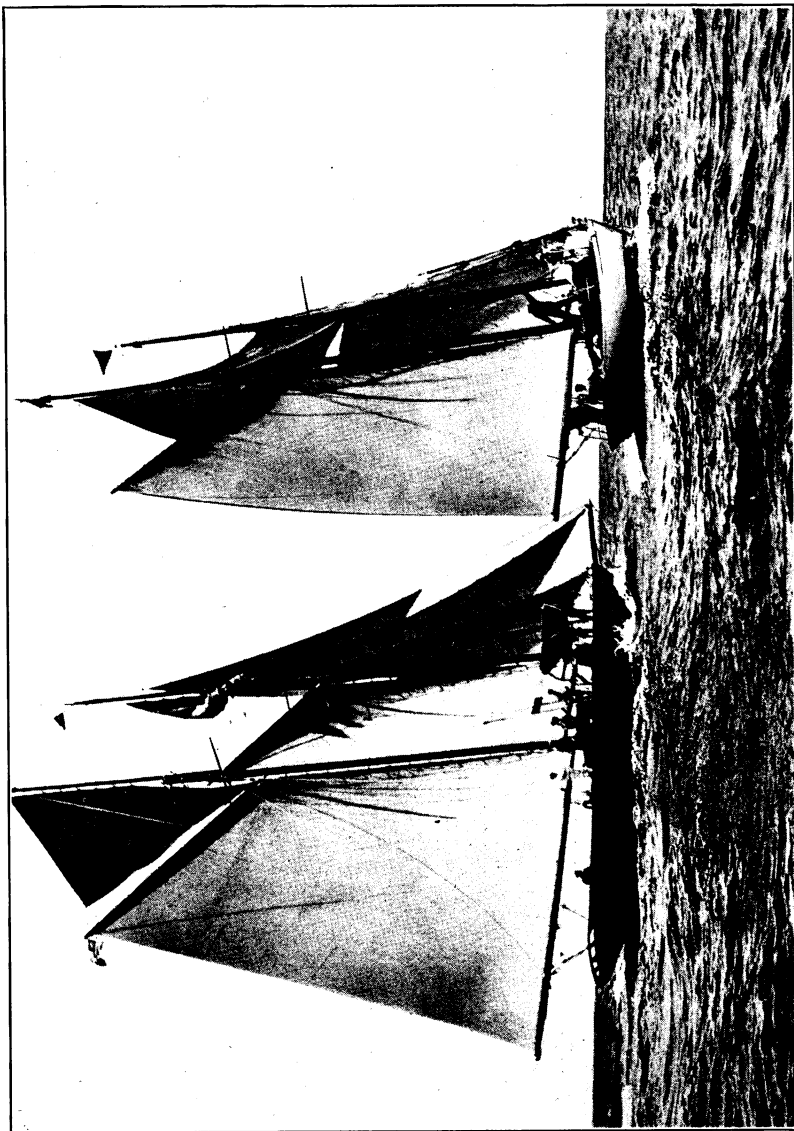


CLOSE HAULED ON THE STARBOARD TACK; STANDING OFF SHORE
IN A FRESH BREEZE.

With such a royal send-off, we felt that we had at least the good wishes of many true friends, and we started in on our long race with renewed hopes.

Shortly after leaving Santa Barbara, the *Idalia* bore up under our lee, and in spite of warnings shouted, her bowsprit threatened our rail, so that we were compelled to luff several times to avoid collision. The man at *Idalia's* wheel evidently did not know the rules of the road, but he finally wore away and gave us sea room.

The afternoon was beautiful, a fresh westerly wind, smooth seas, and every yacht in the race making fine time. It was interesting to watch the early maneuvers, the *Mariner*, *Poinsettia*, and *Idalia* started tacking up the coast to clear the west end of Santa Cruz Island. The *Spindrift* and *Diablo* with easy sheets ran for the west end of Anacapa Island. I decided to make a short cut out to sea by skirting the east end of Santa Cruz, which proved to be poor judgment, for after making a record run across the Santa Barbara channel, we slid into a flat spot at 5 P. M., right off Smugglers' Cave, and there we lay. There was a rattling good breeze all around us, but we were simply chained in a small circle of dead calm, not over a city block in length. We were now all glum, for to leeward we could see the *Spindrift* and *Diablo* making good weather for the open sea. We knew that the three big fellows had already



J. W. COLLINGS. PHOTO. SANTA BARBARA

THE IDALLA THREATENS THE VIKING'S LEE RAIL



made the west end of Santa Cruz and were now perhaps squared away for Honolulu. It was discouraging, and we sat in the cockpit and swore softly at one another, the blame falling directly upon my shoulders for having laid out such a bum course. As time wore on, we were cheered perceptibly by Bill, the cook, announcing supper, and as the sea was smooth, he served us a rattling good mess. After supper, I set the first watch, but as there was nothing to do except to whistle for wind, everyone sat in the cockpit and discussed our chances in the race. Just before dusk, a large yawl drifted into our calm circle, and all were much surprised to learn it was the Poinsettia, scratch boat in the race. They had started a reach to windward, but put into the lee of the island to make repairs to some of their sails. All night long we drifted about one another, but made no progress on our course. Towards morning, a light breeze blowing high caught the tall topsail of the Poinsettia, and she was soon hull down on her way. The poor little Viking did not reach high enough to get the wind, and she lay still becalmed with every other yacht merrily on its way. It was a blue Sunday morning that dawned on July 22nd, as nothing is so demoralizing as to slat around in a ground swell with no wind, everything on board banging and bumping, with the crew full of sour balls. During the forenoon, little catspaws

from the north gave us steerage way, and by eight bells, $23\frac{1}{2}$ hours out, we had only covered forty-four nautical miles from Santa Barbara, latitude $33^{\circ} 53' N.$, longitude $119^{\circ} 54' W.$ There was no sun, and we took our position from shore bearings. One advantage obtained from drifting about was that I was enabled to check up our compass by making cross bearings on the islands, and thereby working out a satisfactory deviation chart.

By one o'clock, the wind began to freshen briskly from the northwest, and with a westerly swell running, setting our course S.S.W., we were off with the open sea before us, making nine knots. During the afternoon, the wind increased to half a gale, the sea rose, and we were rail down, a little wet, but happy to be on our way. Just before dusk, we made out a sail to leeward, bound northeast, and as she came up under our lee, were astonished to see it was the *Poinsettia*, full and by, homeward bound, with everything set but the topsail. We were at a loss to account for the *Poinsettia*'s withdrawing from the race, and went down to our supper full of surmises. Down below, we found the galley upset, and Bill, the cook, bemoaning that he could not keep the fire going on account of too much sea and pounding forward. So we had sandwiches and cold tea.

The first watch kept all sail set and we were bowling along right merrily, but the little ship



"MAC" ON A WET WATCH

shivered from truck to keel, caused by the impact with the big head seas. By midnight, she was down to the house and laboring so hard that all hands were called to lower the mainsail. It was now blowing almost a gale from the northwest, so I ordered the jib down, after which she made better weather of it, running with foresail and forestay sail only. It was a miserable night. Everybody wet and cold, but not a murmur of complaint, and determined to sail the little craft to her destination in the shortest possible time. We were steering southwest by west and plowing along at a good gait.

By daylight, Monday, July 23rd, the ocean was a seething mass of white topped breakers with a misty sky and a howling gale, not a sail nor living thing in sight. It was impossible to use a camera, although I did want to try to convey to my friends just how a small boat looks when at play with Neptune's forces apparently bent on her destruc-

tion. In the first place, views made at close quarters are never good, and secondly, it was impossible to stand on any elevated part of the vessel without being washed overboard. Anyway, we were too busy with the problem of keeping our little yacht right side up and by the course. The watch on deck had to hang on for dear life, and the ones below were all parked on the leese, it being impossible to stay in the weather bunks. The poor cook was a sorry sight. All night long, he had been dodging dishes and pans, and appeared sadly in need of repairs. Once during the night, when he was trying to get a wink of sleep by lying flat upon the galley floor with his head parked on a sail cover in the forepeak, his body wedged under the galley stove, and his legs extended into the main cabin, a sudden lurch of the vessel tore the fastenings off the ice box doors, and all the contents, including ice, milk, butter, eggs, tomatoes, a side of bacon, two hams, and other sundries, plastered themselves all over poor Bill's countenance. This was the only time I ever heard Bill cuss in Danish, but after he scraped this pot pourri omelette out of his eyes and ears and off his manly bosom, he set to work bravely and made as much restitution as possible. By some hook or crook, he managed to get enough heat out of the stove to give us all a cup of hot coffee, which braced us up wonderfully.

By nine o'clock, the wind had fallen a little, so we set the mainsail with double reef, and the yacht worked ahead in grand style.

At eight bells noon, with no sun, we charted out our position by dead reckoning, latitude $33^{\circ} 07'$ N., longitude $121^{\circ} 47'$ west, course WSW. For lunch, Bill worked up a little hot soup for us, served in iron cups, as most of the ship's fancy china had already been broken. We had to drink the soup, for no spoons could be used, as it required all our agility and resourcefulness to maintain a respectable perpendicular position in order to steer the soup into our stomachs thru the proper channel. It seems now incredible that a thing made of wood, like our little boat, could stand so much up and down, lateral, end to end, and side winding motions without breaking all to pieces and casting us into the cold, dark sea. The wind held all day, and we were carrying double reefed mainsail, foresail, and forestay sail close hauled. At four o'clock, we took our mileage from the log, and had made good 172, course WSW. The sea was now running a little easier, and Bill, the cook, set to work to get us a little real food, our first warm meal in two days. Brad, the first mate, had already built into the table some dish racks fastened with ship's clamps, so we made out pretty well. Hot soup, beans, roast beef, potatoes, cake and coffee. We had been taking plenty of water over

the weather side, so everything on deck was wet and cold. The night watches were all dolled up in sweaters and slickers, but not a mother's son of them complained about being cold, or attempted in any way to shirk his unpleasant duties. Quite frequently, a big comber would crash into the little ship and shake her like a leaf on a tree. She would creak and tremble in every plank, but would emerge triumphantly from the onslaught, and slide gracefully into the oncoming seas.

The crew was now thoroughly familiar with its duties, and sea legs were being rapidly developed. We no longer stumbled awkwardly over boxes, water kegs, ropes and gears, but found our stations with becoming agility.

Two little packages, neatly wrapped and labeled for the skipper, were discovered in the main locker. One said, "Open on third day out," and the other, "Open on fourth day out." This being the third day, the first package was duly opened. It proved to be that classic of sea stories, "Sailing Around the World Alone," by Captain Slocum, and was presented by our well known fellow club member, Paulsen Visel. A letter was enclosed, wishing us all sorts of good luck, also an original poem calculated to banish all gloom for everpeak to after scupper. The ship's company perked up a bit. Otto Wildey, the chief Bos'n, started to sing. "Ain't we got fun." Put, the artist, made the first entry

in his social log, and Beech broke the silence by a three word sentence, "Damn cold night."

On deck, Tuesday morning, July 24th, chilly air, lumpy sea, but taking no green water over the topsides. No sun, and a grey, empty horizon. We shook out the reefs in the main, set the jib, and plowed along at an angle of forty degrees. After a good warm breakfast, we opened the second package, presented to the ship by Mrs. Putnam. It proved to be a bewitching damsel with lines and curves unadorned, and comparable only with Mack Sennett's most ravishing bathing beauty. Each one on board wanted this maiden for his very own, and Brad wanted to eat her alive, but, as she was built out of soap, he desisted. Finally, by unanimous consent, she was accorded a prominent place in the ship's boudoir, where all could pay her due homage daily. Right here we hasten to explain that the aforesaid boudoir consists of the shelf over the clothes locker where the officers and crew park their shaving gear and hair oil.

In the forenoon, all hands were on deck, hanging out wet shirts, pants, socks, sweaters, and other damp dry-goods to the rigging, so the ship took on the appearance of a "two-fisted Chinese laundry," in the language of the versatile second mate. We were now logging ten knots, accompanied by three hungry sea gulls of formidable size, waiting for Bill's galley spill. By eight bells noon, the air had



THE SKIPPER FLIRTING WITH THE SUN

cleared a little, so I got the sextant on deck and tried for a meridian altitude sight. Right here, I want to dilate a little on taking observation from the deck of a little vessel tossing and bobbing about like a cork. First you get on the highest available plane aboard. Then you hook your left leg around the mainmast stay, pass your right elbow outside the main peak halyards, your right foot being planted on the house with the toes wedged under the pin rail. With two turns of the staysail clew line over your left shoulder and arm, you now bravely bring the sextant to your eye, and pray for results. Ah! there is the sun. You are nobly bringing it down to the horizon and when it is almost there, the ship gives a lurch, and you are suddenly in a recumbent position on deck, all

snarled up with lines. Nothing daunted you make another attempt. This time, you reverse all the former positions. You pass all the clew lines and downhauls around your waist, and with the sheet tailings, you make fast your anatomical members to the mast and stays. Once more, the sextant flirts with the sun. This time, you are going to get her. She is coming fine. You clamp down the tangent screw and with the fine adjustment on the vernier, you are just about to make a perfect contact, when a big wave rises up and blots out the horizon. The ship's head is now just four points off and when you finally succeed in recovering the horizon, the sun has passed meridian. Well! anyway, you got a fair sight, and maybe it is right, so down below to the chart table, and after much labor and consulting the nautical almanac, you find your position. The first attempt may show this to be ten miles south of the equator. Knowing that the crew was watching me carefully, a discreet silence was maintained, while I figured anew and waded thru more tables and nautical rules. After thirty minutes of strenuous labor, I found the ship's position to be in latitude 72° N. Upon consulting the charts, I found this observation placed us on a line parallel with the middle of Greenland, which was not so good. A cold sweat now crept up my spine as the first mate sang out cheerily, "Cap will soon tell us exactly where we are." Not daring to let the crew

know what a mess I had made of the first sights, which, however, were not quite as hopeless as the illustration, I plotted the position by MacDermott's dead reckoning, latitude $32^{\circ} 44'$ N., determined to get a fair shot the very next time the sun peeped out. At four bells in the afternoon, the sea was moderating, and the sun came out brightly. The sea was beautiful, but not yet the long easy swell which we expected to get with a little more southing. The waves were rather short and curly, breaking white with the spume held low down on the surface by the steady strong northwester, vessel heeling comfortably.

So far we had used very little fresh water. It had been too cold to bathe and drink much. Our supply, the old sea allowance, of three quarts per man per day, would have carried us fifty days, but one never knows how long it takes to make port, so we permitted no fresh water to be used for bathing except the face and hands. The dishes were washed and all heavy vegetables cooked in sea water. In the galley, we used a three-burner alcohol stove, and with a fireless cooker placed on board by Mrs. Soiland, we fared sumptuously. The stove question had been thoroughly discussed before we left the coast, and while each type had its adherents, the majority voted the alcohol one as the safest and most reliable.

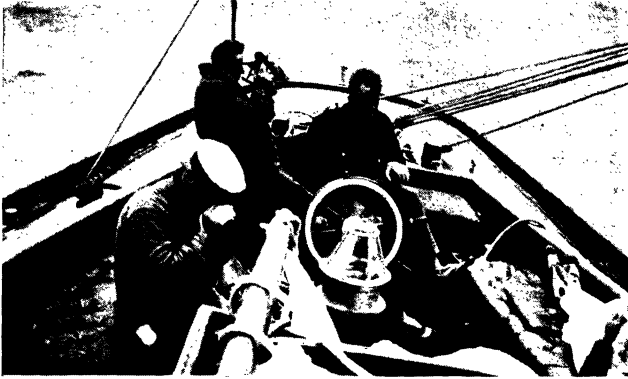
By eight bells, the sun was bright, the clothing and gear on deck dry, and the ship's company thoroughly happy. We were smoking along at a great clip, and our thoughts on the southern seas ahead. As the sun was nearing the prime vertical and the sea flattening out, I obtained a good time sight, and found we were in latitude $32^{\circ} 22' N.$, longitude $126^{\circ} 43' W.$, the day's run 180 miles and 395 miles on our course. We were carrying mainsail, staysail, fore staysail, jib, jib topsail, and fisherman's staysail, close hauled, course W. by S. Brad had been running the little electric generator engine all afternoon, so that night we had bright lights, and a wonderful dinner, and for the first time the after dinner cigar was enjoyed by all. We had been running three men to a watch, four hours on and four hours off, but on account of the heavy weather, the off hours had been mostly on, so we were physically tired. I therefore changed, and split the shifts, with



THE SKIPPER AND "MAC"
BUCKING HEAD SEAS.

four hours on and eight hours off, two men to the watch, dogging the evening four to eight watch. Put and Beech took the first, Otto and Mac the second, and Brad stood the graveyard watch with me. On the first watch the clouds came up thick, and a brisk rain squall made things uncomfortable and slippery on deck. On the mid-watch, the wind hauled northerly, and a nasty sea was boiling up again, two big fellows climbing over the weather counter. We eased our sheets, and raced along handsomely.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 25TH. No sun and light rains. Wind varying from N. to N.W. No morning sight. The work had eased up a little, and the eight o'clock breakfast appealed to all hands. The cook sure was going good. He did not make much noise, but, believe me! that boy could deliver sea-going food in large gobs. That morning's menu consisted of grapefruit, cream of wheat, raisin bread toasted, broiled ham, bacon and eggs, hot cakes and coffee. Brad, the bean pole, disgraced himself. In addition to an ordinary man's breakfast of five or six eggs covered with bacon, he cleaned up seventeen hot cakes. Yes, sir. We counted them, every one, and we were all jealous. I only got away with eight of them, and I believe Beech quit at number seven. Otto and Put were pikers. They split an even dozen between them. Mac only took four, but as he had mopped



THE SKIPPER GRABS A SHOT FROM THE COCKPIT

up half a gallon of cream of wheat, we did not feel sorry for him. Bill, the cook, never ate, at least not to my knowledge. Yet he appeared happy and whistled Filipino tangos between cakes. Bill served in the Philippine Army of Occupation, and has the low down on that situation. On deck after breakfast, I took a slant at the sky, and mildly suggested to the watch, Put and Beech, that the reaching jib might be used to good advantage. It seemed that the wind always changed on their watch, and they cursed their hard luck, but set briskly to work hauling down the jib topsail and bending on the reacher. That reaching jib is a pulling fool, and all hands admired the nice balance and trim under this setting. Again no sun at twelve meridian, but dead reckoning gave us latitude $31^{\circ} 52'$ N., longitude $129^{\circ} 40'$ W. It now appeared that

the afternoons were best, as the wind and seas were both moderating as the sun came out. The old sextant was again brought out, and I developed more agility in connecting the sun with the horizon. Mac has a little trick sextant that he carried from Australia, and at this four o'clock time sight, we arrived at almost identical figures. He worked out his sights by the old standard Bowditch tables, and I used the method originally devised by Martelli, a Brazilian naval officer and navigator of high repute. Latitude $31^{\circ} 50' \text{ N.}$, longitude $130^{\circ} 18' \text{ W.}$, day's run 188 miles, course made good $\text{W. } \frac{1}{2} \text{ S.}$ As evening approached, we noticed for the first time that the sea was changing its color to a lighter blue, and that the air was losing its cold bite. By eight bells, the wind was working mostly from the north, and by midnight we got a few puffs from the northeast with light rain squalls. Was it possible that we had reached the much talked of and eagerly looked for northeast trades? We ran our sheets out a little more, and our lee rail came up perceptibly, but not sufficiently to allow of unlashng ourselves from the weather bunks. Oh! how good it would have felt to be on an even keel, but we did not complain. We were making good on our course, and hoping we would not be the last to arrive. The boys were trying to make me feel good by an optimistic line of chatter to the effect that we had a good look in for first place.

etc. I couldn't see this first place business after our eighteen-hour parking place in the lee of Santa Cruz Island, but it couldn't be denied that we were bouncing along now at a rattling good clip, and anyway we were carefree and happy on the grand old ocean. How we visioned and pitied the poor people on shore, struggling along in the busy streets of our home town, Los Angeles, with the endless stream of automobiles fighting for right of way with an equally endless stream of pedestrians. Here we were at peace with the universe and with not a single living thing to challenge our progress.

THURSDAY, JULY 26TH. The trades are here, wind due N.E., velocity twenty miles, which we picked up at 3:30 A.M. It was Otto and Mac's watch, and they let the sheets out free so that we were running before it on a fairly level keel, course S.W. by W. The air was now appreciably warmer, and some of us took our first bath on deck before breakfast. In attempting to reach down to get a bucket of water over the lee rail, I did not realize how fast we were traveling, and the iron pail was torn out of my grip before I knew what had happened. Bill, the cook, came up with a big dipper, and as he reached down to scoop it full, it was jerked out of his hand in a twinkling. He also lost his cap overboard in the excitement. However, we had one good iron bucket left, which we bent onto a husky piece of line, and then we hauled

our water aboard handsomely. The bathing operation itself was simple, but startlingly effective. The victim would stand up in the forepeak with a firm grip on the jib stay, and the master of ceremonies would dash the contents of the iron bucket over the shivering recipient. A brisk rub down soon sent the blood tingling through the veins, and then breakfast. Oh! boy, what a life on the bounding main. The order of the day now was to discard sweaters, roll up your sleeves, take off shoes and socks, and do the close to nature stuff right. At six bells, the wind was easterly with a heavier sea. We set the balloon jib and lordy! how she pulled. At eight bells, latitude by observation was $31^{\circ} 40'$ N., longitude 133° W. The wind lightened, but the swell increased, and as the fore-sail kept jibing continuously, threatening to tear all the foremast rigging and shaking the life out of the mast, I ordered the sail furled and it surely was a relief. Late in the afternoon, we dove into some nasty cross seas that took the wind out of the balloon jib, and on one of these performances the foot of the sail caught into the block of the port anchor davit and cast this deftly overboard, at the same time tearing out a V from the foot of the sail. We made temporary repairs, and let her ride. Just before dark, the three gray gulls which had followed us all the way from Santa Cruz Island, and had been well fed from the galley spoils, suddenly



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RAINBOW FALLS ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII



departed, and left us all alone, a tiny craft on a lonely ocean. We spent the evening watch wondering where our competitors were and how they were all faring. We knew positively that none were enjoying the trip more than we. This was our first all clear night with a full moon, and the artistic trio, Otto, Put, and Beech, got foolish with poetry and song, Otto drilling the boys into perfect, if not harmonious, time with "Ain't we got fun," his parody. Beech dug into his ditty bag, and fished out a Hawaiian ukulele, and then we found out "Why Smith Left Home." Anyway, the boys whanged awhile on the instrument until I fell fast asleep. The log said we had run 175 miles the last twenty-four hours.

FRIDAY, JULY 27TH. At 1:15 A.M., the middle watch sang out that a steamer's light could be made out about two miles to windward, southbound. Being too far off to be interesting, we took their word for it, and did not go on deck to see. The air was light and sky cloudy. The foresail was reset. At eight A.M., we had variable winds, course S.W. by W. At nine o'clock, a sudden squall out of the southeast jibed the ship. A half-inch rope holding main boom over to the forward chain plate parted, tearing the foot of the mainsail and carrying away the preventer backstay. We thought for a moment that the mainmast would go overboard, which would have been a serious predicament.

Fortunately, the preventer stay eased the force of the boom's impact with the backstay, breaking the force of the blow. We staid on the port tack, and made hurried repairs. By eleven o'clock, we were back on the starboard tack, and as the wind had settled to a light easterly, we tried out a big square sail, which we had sneaked on board without letting our competitors know. First, we sent aloft a big square sail yard which had been lashed on deck. After much labor and trying the square sail out, we found it no good. It spoiled the setting of our big mainsail, and we voted it down permanently. We reset the reaching jib and were once again in good trim. I obtained a good noon sight,



DOING TEN KNOTS
RAIL DOWN

and found we were in latitude $31^{\circ} 02' N.$, longitude $136^{\circ} 15' W.$ At two P.M., we set spinnaker to starboard, and she bellied out like a swan. From four to eight P.M., we were going steadily with an increasing wind from the north, and by nine it was blowing half a gale with a heavy northerly sea. We took down our spinnaker, and changed course to southwest. Our day's run was 148 miles. The ship's log noted that it was a wild night and several angry seas climbed aboard.

SATURDAY, JULY 28TH. From two to four A.M., the going was rough; the wind lightened, but the sea and swells were heavy and disagreeable. Our patent log had been behaving badly. We hauled it in and found it fouled with grass and the rotor worked like it had a dry bearing. It was cleaned, oiled and reset. After daylight, we unshipped the anchors which were carried on deck forward, and lashed them in the cockpit. This lightened our load forward and stabilized the vessel perceptibly. We had now emptied one of our fresh water tanks, and Bill refilled it from the five-gallon tins. It took the contents of five to do it, so we knew we had consumed twenty-five gallons since leaving port, and were greatly pleased at this showing of water economy. At ten A.M., we took in the reaching jib, and set the balloonier with a fair wind. The noon sight gave us latitude $30^{\circ} 06' N.$, longitude $138^{\circ} 47' W.$ The afternoon turned out fine, and we

reset the fisherman's staysail, course SW. $1\frac{1}{2}$ W. Toward dusk we had more rain squalls with flat spots in between, wind variable, east and north. With nobody on deck except the watch, all hands dived below in answer to Bill's dinner horn. This horn had to be heard to be appreciated. It was a monotone affair of brass, and emitted a plaintive little yowl like a pup that has lost its mother. Nevertheless, it was sweet music to our ears, and for the next hour, we just ate. It was astonishing how much grub could come out of that little galley. Bill sat on a little stool before the stove, and without moving, he could reach with his arms, every recess of the galley, including the ice box. When we entered the cabin, we saw nothing except a few empty dishes on the table and the port rear elevation of Bill's body through the galley door. When we were all seated, Bill's left arm shot out, and in rapid succession, the world's delicacies swung into position on the table top. Again in the words of Poet Put, "Gawd! how that boy can cook." At two bells on the first watch, we were seven days, eight and one-half hours out of Santa Barbara, and had exactly covered one-half the distance to Honolulu. In honor of this event, a small bottle of wine was procured from the ship's medical stores, and a jolly toast drunk to old Father Neptune. Day's run 155 miles. On deck that night, Otto composed a song to the tune of Mr. Gallagher

and Mr. Shean, which was to be delivered to the local yachtsmen in Honolulu upon our arrival. Several new ones mounted on old reliable melodies were also primed up for the natives.

Oh! Mr. Gallagher, oh! Mr. Gallagher,
Have you heard about the race that's coming soon?
To Honolulu they will sail, where the wind blows
half a gale

And the winning crew will sing a joyful tune.

Oh! Mr. Shean, oh! Mr. Shean,

I think I know the very crew you mean

On that yacht so trim and neat, that was picked to
beat the fleet,

What the Spindrift, Mr. Gallagher?

No, the Viking, Mr. Shean.

SUNDAY, JULY 29TH. At four A.M., we were rolling in a heavy northeast sea with a strong easterly wind. The watch spotted a steamer a mile to windward, traveling east. After breakfast, the wind laid down, the seas got oily, and we rolled about all forenoon, but glided right along on our course. During the forenoon, several light rain squalls passed over, and at twelve noon, the starboard boom lift parted, and the



"BRAD" SPLICES THE
MAIN BRACE

blocks came tumbling down on deck. Luckily, no one was hit, and Beech went aloft and, ably assisted by Brad, Otto and Put, rove a new line in place. The sun came out in time to get a meridian sight, and found us in latitude $28^{\circ} 50' N.$, longitude $142^{\circ} W.$ Mac and I took sights simultaneously, and we agreed pretty well in our findings. With a skipper's prerogative, however, we plotted my figures on the chart. Light rain squalls with variable easterly winds were in evidence all day, but the air was balmy, so we suffered no great inconveniences. The day's run was 160 miles, course WSW. Towards evening, the winds were fluky, and had a northerly set with a long heavy northeast swell. We hauled down the spinnaker and balloon jib after supper, set the foresail, forestay sail and jib, and made the course SW. $\frac{1}{4}$ S. magnetic. We had been watching the tidal and ocean currents very carefully, and found they were helping us on our way at a rate between one and two knots per hour, so that the boat actually appeared to be sailing faster than the wind blew at times. The crew were now gradually taking on the appearance of deep sea pirates. Not one had shaved since leaving home, and their faces beggared description. Brad looked mean. He had a black streak around and underneath his inferior mandible that would make a Mexican insurgent general look meek as a lamb. Put's were not yet long enough to form the typical

artistic goatee, altho the color scheme blended well with his business. It was mostly reddish yellow with a dash of auburn and mauve (whatever that is) interspersed. Otto's, sad but true, were taking on that iron gray color which goes so well with an oncoming robustness of a southbound chest and thorax. Beecher's luxurious hair and combers were the fair blonde variety of the true Anglo-Saxon. When he emerged from the companion-way, head on, a near-sighted individual would have thought that the ship's favorite tow-colored deck mop was approaching. Last, if not least, the skipper's snow covered alfalfa patch must not be overlooked. Indeed, the crew showed such veneration for my patrician beard that they offered me their arm or a cane when I was compelled to climb over some obstruction on deck, like a burned match or a small rope end and, in lighter vein, they swore at all things "by the skipper's whiskers." I myself thought them rather handsome. There seemed to be just enough red and green tints in the albino field to set off a prominent sunburned nose to good advantage, akin to an active volcano on a snow-capped mountain top.

MONDAY, JULY 30TH. One A.M., we came about on the port tack course S. by W., wind light and fluky, mostly northeast. The night was a mean one for all watches, rain, big seas and slippery decks. We had a fair wind from four to five A.M.,

and then flat until eight A.M. A light northeaster came up and we set the spinnaker. By noon, the skies cleared, and we took our bearings, latitude $27^{\circ} 35' N.$, longitude $143^{\circ} 22' W.$ It was surprising how much easier it now seemed to get the sun to kiss the horizon. Our good and trusty sea legs accommodated themselves to the titubations of the ship, and there was no longer any guesswork as to the exact moment the sun crossed meridian. Brad was the official timekeeper, and as I sang out, "On meridian," he promptly set the ship's clock to twelve o'clock noon, apparent time on ship. On each day's run from the coast, we retarded our ship clock from twenty to thirty minutes, according to mileage made good. Two new events came into our lives that day; a great white sea gull gracefully poised in the air directly astern, and a little later we were in the midst of a school



THE LEE WASH

of fish. This was our first sight of ocean life, and it was a pleasant diversion. The school was evidently Spanish mackerel, fighting for existence with their larger and more powerful enemy, the bonito or skipjack. We had not sighted any of the larger fish which are usually so plentiful in the Pacific, swordfish, shark and whale. We threw a bone gig into the water on a stout fishing line, and trolled it astern for several hours, hoping to get a fresh fish dinner, but, despite the fact that the waters were alive with fish, we had no luck. We were struck by the small size of the flying fish that were rising gracefully out of the sea, and with spread wings and vibrating tails darted about in all directions. They were apparently not over five or six inches long over all. The flying fish we had seen in the Santa Barbara channel near shore were from twelve to sixteen inches long. Towards evening, the wind fell flat, but we oozed along on the south setting swells and the helpful current. We were all praying to Rasmus, the modern god of the Scandinavian sailors, to send us a spanking breeze, but no results up to bedtime. About midnight, Old Rasmus woke up and sent us a wind and rain squall that threatened to tear our light sails, so all hands were piped on deck to take in spinnaker and ballooner. Two or three of the crew came up in their pajamas, and Put, fumbling for the spinnaker sheet in the dark, made



"PUT" DOING THE SOCIAL LOG STUFF
ON THE HOUSE

fast the "G" string of the south end of his pajamas to the halyard which went aloft, and he was nearly strangled in the excitement before released. Order and quiet finally prevailed, and once more the crew were in their bunks, leaving the two on watch cogitating upon the vicissitudes of the sailor's life. Before retiring, we computed the day's run and found only one hundred and thirty-five miles to our credit, the least since our first day out.

TUESDAY, JULY 31ST. Four A.M.; no wind; flat, oily sea; air warm, light clouds. We were drifting south with a little westing. At six o'clock, a little zephyr came out of the southeast, and we set spinnaker making about three knots, course southwest on port tack. We scared up a school

of albacore, and once more had the hook and line overboard, but in spite of Bill sitting with his fingers crossed away out on the quarter deck and patiently sucking his corn-cob pipe, nary a fish could be snagged. The wind was very temperamental, mostly up and down and shifting, so we are steering WSW., and noon found us with only a few miles to the good since breakfast, latitude $25^{\circ} 33' \text{ N.}$, longitude $144^{\circ} 13' \text{ W.}$ We came about on the starboard tack still pointing WSW. This slowing up on our westward progress took some of the pep out of us. We were a bit groggy and did not speak so sweet and low to one another. Swearing by the skipper's whiskers did not seem to accomplish much, and the profanity took on a more earnest aspect, which would have been funny if it wasn't so damned serious. Bill had seen the clouds gathering among the ship's six master mariners, so he went below into his galley very early and very meekly. We were all thinking of how late we would arrive in Honolulu, all the way from one to two weeks after the other fellows were in and had been feted and entertained by the hospitable Hawaiians, and we sitting out on the quiet old ocean sucking our thumbs and heaping maledictions upon Rasmus. We had forgotten all about lunch, when Bill's tin whistle piped out its wheezy wail. For the first time in the history of the trip, the gang did not tear down the companionway

like mad. They seemed rather to resent for once the idea of lunch, and only when below and getting the whiff of something new from the galley did they come to life. Bill was all dressed up in a brand-new white apron. He was clean shaved, and came out of his aperture with a huge tray covered with French pancakes—think of it, French pancakes! —neatly rolled up in fig preserves and covered with powdered sugar. The effect was just like that particular occasion where the good book says: "It is always darkest just before dawn." When that gang of old



THE THREE GRAY BEARDS: OTTO, SKIPPER
AND "PUT"

salt herrings began to guzzle down those pancakes, you would have thought the lubbers had been starved for thirty days. In about a half hour, they had cleaned up the whole stack and their whiskers were covered with fig jam, powdered sugar, and remnants of pancake in a manner wholly disgusting and unfit for publication. I had carefully curried off my own face before calling the crew's attention to their disgraceful appearance. After this lunch the demeanor of the gang was certainly changed. Brad said something to the effect that he hoped we would be thirty days making port, and Otto remarked that he would just as soon set the course for China, while Put was agreeable to anything except getting to Honolulu right away. This proves conclusively what effect French pancakes have on the mental status of otherwise fairly rational individuals. Just before lunch, every mother's son of them were sore at each other, because the old boat was not traveling fast enough towards Honolulu, and after lunch, the scalawags wanted to stay afloat forever. I warned Bill to serve no more French pancakes until we made landfall. We were all too full to do anything except sleep, and the little vessel steered herself mostly the rest of the afternoon. I had just enough strength left to jot down the mileage, one hundred and twenty-five; not so good, yet in the proper direction; course WSW. $1\frac{1}{4}$ W. That evening we saw some sky effects that can be

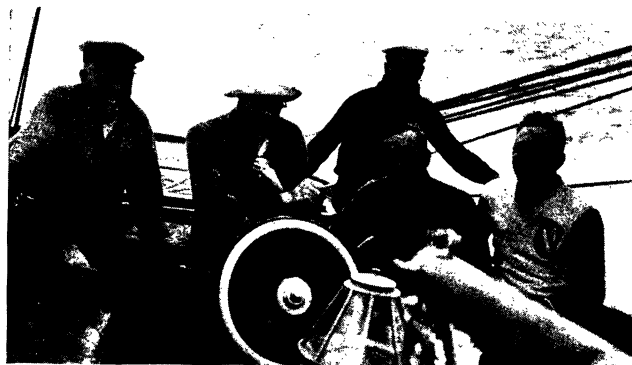
had only in the tropics. On the horizon as the golden sun sank into an amethyst ocean, it cast a mantle of multi-colored tints over a bank of cirrocumulus white clouds, resembling a range of snow-capped mountains, the tops of which had been sprayed with the colors of the rainbow. No one could adequately describe the vista, but Put made a crayon sketch, which was wonderfully illustrative. This was our first real tropical night. With full darkness came the phosphorescence in the sea, and as the waning moon cast its light over the boat, the ocean spray shimmered like diamond dust and our wake was a blaze of ghostly iridescence. Truly it was the most spectacular occurrence any of us had ever experienced.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1ST. The first day of the new month and we found the weather conditions similar to the day before. A light northeast wind springing up, we put the little ship on the starboard tack at six A.M., course SW. by W. $1\frac{1}{2}$ W. The current was still with us about two knots, and the wind gave us steerage way about one knot more. It was slow going, but we made the best of it. For those of you who may have occasion to sail the broad Pacific and expect to find at all times the steady trade winds, I will say that you will be disappointed. I have consulted and compared many pilot charts which are issued by the government and represent the best efforts in the



SUNDOWN IN MID-OCEAN





"PUT" TELLS A FUNNY ONE

world to portray wind and weather conditions for all seasons. The government has made painstaking endeavors to aid navigation in every possible way, but it cannot control the winds of the seven seas, and, therefore, it cannot guarantee that from May 1st to Sept. 30th, nice, mild, steady trade winds blow in latitude so and so, and longitude ditto. The trouble with us was that we expected too much from the arrows on the chart, while cold reasoning made us admit the charts can speak of average and prevalent conditions only at observed periods; but the bare truth is, that up to the present time, the steady trade winds we had hoped for were not in evidence. All of us were now more or less sunburned and tanned up, according to individual exposure, and as ship's surgeon in addition to amateur navigator, I must admit that the phys-

ical condition of the whole piratical crew was excellent. If anyone needs exercise and is either too lazy or indifferent to do it voluntarily, I would heartily recommend a three weeks' ocean voyage on a fifty-foot boat. By the time you have been out six days, you will learn that the three hundred muscles, more or less, with which you are naturally encumbered, have all been used and abused according to size and location, and that, in addition, you have discovered some new ones which were formerly not in your catalogue. If you last out the entire three weeks, you will come home to mother some tough hombre, and be the everlasting envy of all the satin skinned mah jongg fiends in the neighborhood. Well!—the sun was mounting, and it was getting hot, the boat drifting along lazily and the ocean looking so placid, cool and inviting. Put said he could stand it no longer. He removed his clothing, that is, took off his B.V.D.'s, intent on diving off the bow and coming up astern. He laughed happily, started up the deck for the bow, and with his hands poised for the dive, we saw him stop suddenly as if transfixed. He uttered not a sound, but stared with a horrified expression into the water. We rushed forward to investigate, and there directly under the bowsprit, about six feet down in the clear water, lay a fifteen-foot man-eating shark, the sinister tiger of the deep waiting patiently for his victim.

For the first time on our whole trip, we all felt a sense of fear that had not come to us before. Even when we were battling with elements that threatened to overwhelm and destroy our little vessel with all on board, came no thought as dreadful as this one. We were very solemn, and the first one to recover and laugh it off was Put. Indeed,



"Put," AFTER THE SHARK EPISODE

some of us did not feel comfortable the rest of the day, for we realized that had Put gone overboard, it would have been his last dive. After this episode we went down below, and I doled out a little stimulant to all hands from the ship's medical stores.

When we returned on deck, we found the shark had disappeared, and we saw no more of him. Needless to say, no one on board had any further desire to swim, and we returned to the bucket brigade method of ablutions. The noon sun gave us a latitude of $24^{\circ} 37'$ N., longitude $145^{\circ} 40'$ W. We came about on the port tack and practically drifted SW. by W., very light and variable winds from NE. to SE., using working sails and fisherman's staysail. In the early afternoon, the wind steadied a little northeast, so we got the spinnaker in action once more, which gave us about a knot an hour additional drift. It was a long afternoon, for time always passes slowly when the sails are not full and the ship not by the course. We jibed a number of times, much to the disgust of all hands, and to the detriment of the boat's gear. The day's run netted only ninety miles, but even this was good considering the almost no wind condition prevailing. The day's excitement had made us more tired and restless than usual, and after helping the boys take down the light sails to keep them from tearing themselves to pieces from the ship's antics with jibing, I went below for a good sleep. When I woke up, at midnight, Put was busy with his crayons and the social log. Glancing over his shoulder, this was what he had just written: "You should hear the skipper snore! Sounds something like this—coming first gently, as the trade wind,

and ending in a crash, like a northeaster. It has a slight whistling sound, coming thru his whiskers and slanting off his noble chest." My first impulse was to place the villain in irons for such treasonable publicity on the high seas, but I bought him a drink instead and let it go at that.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 2ND. Put and Beech, on the graveyard watch, did not make much progress. They reported having seen distress rockets on the southern horizon during the first part of their watch, but as there was not enough wind to reach that point, they gave up any attempt to investigate. The balance of us all believed they were seeing things. Perhaps it was a distant flash from a tropical thunder-storm. At any rate, we saw nothing to verify their report. To vary the monotony and get up a little appetite for breakfast, we set and reset our light sails to make them respond to the oncoming northeast wind, which we spotted a mile astern. The old wise tars who have sailed the Pacific many years say you can always see a squall coming in time to take in canvas and trim ship. I want to go on record right here to say that those birds should have been on board and proved this. In fact, squalls came up so thick and fast that the wind blew from all directions at once, and I will defy any man to negotiate such a predicament without torn sails and blistered fingers. While waiting for the breeze, we hauled down the main

sail, sewed up the tear along the foot which up to now had been only tied together. Our noon bearing showed latitude $24^{\circ} 8' N.$, longitude $147^{\circ} 27' W.$, course WSW. $\frac{1}{4} W.$; mileage, twenty-four hours, one hundred and twenty-seven—a little better than yesterday. Our patent log, which we had dragged astern since our departure, had been more or less unreliable, so I ordered Mac to pull the blamed thing aboard and stow it away out of sight. It registered only one thousand four hundred and ninety miles total, while our observation showed we had actually made one thousand six hundred and ninety-nine. After lunch, the northeast trades at last appeared to become steady, for by eight bells in the afternoon, we were logging seven knots. We had passed the Tropic of Cancer, and if it was a clear night should pick up the Southern Cross away down on the lee horizon with the dipping of the sun. We had another of those wonderful sea and sky panoramas. Even Put, with his aptitude for colors, scarcely did justice to the glories of those southern skies. With darkness, the wind fell and a strong easterly swell made things uncomfortable below. Black and blue spots were in evidence on exposed parts of the crew's anatomy, because of so many bumps, but they were as hard as nails now, and would ignore any injury short of a broken neck. The night was hot, so most of us preferred the cockpit to our bunks. It was, in



TAI SING LOO, PHOTO

ONE OF SING LOO'S CLOUD EFFECTS



fact, easier to ride there, as the rope slings had to be used below. At 10:45 the waning moon came up like a half ball of fire, and cast a weird glow over the ship. That night we were about five hundred miles off Honolulu in a straight line, and for the first time discussed our plans ashore. The L. A.-Honolulu liner Calawaii left Los Angeles a week after us, and we had hoped to beat her in. Some of the lady friends of my crew and my own wife were aboard, and we knew they would strain their eyes for a glimpse of the little Viking en route. We were a little south of the steamer's course, but if the wind had blown hard we might have gotten in her line of travel the last day out. It would have been fun to beat the steamer in, but we now knew it could not be accomplished. Captain Lester, Master of the Calawaii, had instructed his wireless operator to report any news of the racers, so our ladies knew all about the outcome before we did. The wind freshened a little and as we who were off watch turned in for a few winks the ship was packing every stretch of canvas possible.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 3RD. At two A.M., the wind fell again, but we were logging five miles. Our hopes of catching the Calawaii were very slim, as she was probably some fifty miles north of us, and if she was on schedule time would cross our meridian sometime during the forenoon. The sun came

up about 4:30 with a clear sky and soft easy seas. A new bird joined our vessel, a large white fellow with a spiked tail called the bos'n bird. He is more graceful looking even than the gull and considerably larger. A flock of sea swallows also sported along the surface, so we knew for a fact that we were getting nearer land. The wind was easterly and we were steering SW. by W. $\frac{1}{4}$ W. magnetic. The modern method of steering degrees and calling right and left turns, instead of starboard and port, did not appeal to us. Being hard-boiled sailors of the old school, we were strong for the old order of things. We loafed on deck all morning and laid bets on our arrival at Honolulu. Brad said four P.M., Monday; Beech, seven A.M., Tuesday; Otto, two P.M., Monday; Put twelve-thirty P.M., Monday; and I guessed five



"BRAD" STEERS A GOOD COURSE IN HIS PAJAMAS

P.M., Monday. Our noon shot gave us latitude $23^{\circ} 22'$ N., longitude $149^{\circ} 50'$ W., fine, soft weather and light, easterly winds, running free. After lunch, Bill came on deck and spent the afternoon in the cockpit. He told us of his many exploits with the Moros in the Philippines. That boy has certainly been through a lot of real man-killing experiences. By eight bells in the afternoon, the wind hauled sharply northeast, and we were now feeling the lash of the full trades. It was "heave ho! my hearties," for we were now flying along like a gull, making full ten knots. The outhaul on the spinnaker was carried away, but we made a quick rescue and lost no time making repairs. The wind held up all afternoon, and our spirits were rising high. Our supper was a jolly affair, and the way those suckers ate would make a gourmand turn green with envy—our six months' provisions wouldn't have lasted this gang more than thirty days. I wished that I was an artist and could portray the scholarly crew, as they were then. Brad and Put were the two most villainous looking pirates imaginable. Their own mothers would have repudiated them. Otto and I were quite respectable in appearance, if a comparison be permitted. Beech with his blonde hair and beard certainly looked like a true Viking, while Mac and Bill were unmentionable. All were happy, however, so we "should worry"; and

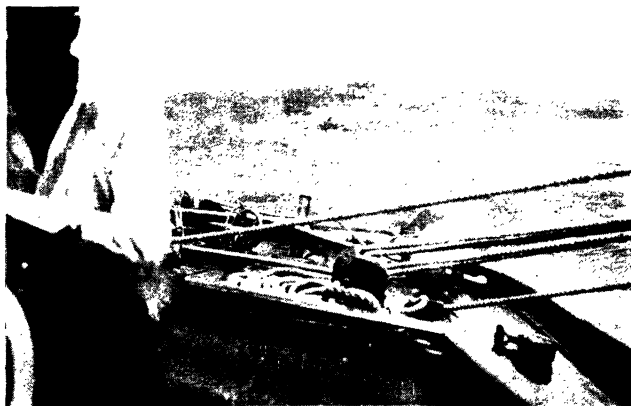


THE SKIPPER, AFTER ONE OF BILL'S
SEAGOING DINNERS

there were no ladies aboard, except our tiny mascot bathing beauty and we were sure she would not tell. Before turning in, we posted up our mileage and found that the day's run totalled fully one hundred and thirty-five and course SW. $1\frac{1}{2}$ W., with a big oily sea working down from the north with no breakers.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4TH. All hands piped on deck at three A.M. to save spinnaker, as outhaul had carried away. Repairs were soon made, and the boys returned to their bunks. The weather was clear, but the seas were rolling big, so that the ship labored heavy and the rope slings were in demand below. When day broke, we found

two small flying fish, one only two inches long, on deck, but they were of no use, so we cast them overboard. Bill was sorry to see them go, for he brought his frying pan up and made our mouths water with a glowing account of the palatable dishes he formerly prepared with flying fish fries at Manila. The wind was now trying to make up from two quarters, east and north, and it kept us busy trimming sails until noon, when she settled northeast. We made out a good noon position, latitude $22^{\circ} 05' N.$, longitude $152^{\circ} 22' W.$, course SW. $1\frac{1}{2}$ W. Just as Bill tooted his lunch horn, a sudden unannounced easterly squall hit us on the lee quarter, and snapped our spinnaker pole in the middle. The outhaul end fell in the water and banged up against the weather sheer strake. The



IN THE BIG, EASY SOUTHERN SEAS

inboard piece struck the house amidships, but again Father Neptune favored us and nobody got hurt. The sail and some of the lines were saved, and the broken pole hauled in and lashed on deck. While engaged with this work, the balloon jib caught in the starboard anchor cat and tore a big rift in the foot; so this had to be hauled in for repairs also, and we sailed merrily on under mainsail only. We had no canvas on board which was suitable for patching the balloon, but Brad saved the situation by offering a piece of his light-weight duck pants for a patch. This solved the problem happily, and Brad was short a pair of fine sea-going breeches, but the Viking's balloon jib looked handsome with four feet of Brad's pants sewed into its foot. We were too busy to get much lunch, but Bill served coffee and sandwiches on deck to those who could lay off long enough to get a snack. The wind having again settled northeast, we jibed ship, and by dropping the main peak a little and all hands on the main sheet, the boom came over without a tremor, and as Put said, "We never broke an egg." We now tried to use the boat boom as a spinnaker pole, as the broken pole was hopelessly beyond repair. The boat boom being much shorter than the regular spinnaker pole, we rigged the reaching jib to it, but found it did not make a satisfactory substitute, so we dove down into the sail locker and found a triangular storm



STEERING BY THE SKIPPER'S WHISKERS; OTTO READING VERSE

jib, which went out on the improvised pole and fit beautifully. This little sail pulled like a mule, and was at once dubbed the "Irish spinnaker" by poet Put. The course was now WSW. $\frac{1}{4}$ W., and we were humming along. By four o'clock or eight bells, in the afternoon, full repairs were made to the balloon jib, so this was reset and the fore staysail and jib were hauled down. By the second dog watch, we were hungry as bears, as all hands had worked steadily since daylight. You can believe me that after mess there was not enough left of Bill's supper to cover the wishbone of a sea urchin. After dark, we were under mainsail, balloon and storm spinnaker, and making real money for Honolulu, course WSW. $\frac{1}{2}$ W.; day's mileage,

one hundred and sixty-five; all in excellent spirits over the good run, despite shortened sails and day's mishaps. As Put and Beech turned in, they were heard to remark that they hoped nothing would carry away, so that they could pound their little pink ears unmolested until morning. By midnight the sky was threatening and rain squalls numerous, with a dirty sea. The nice, long, soft rolls of the mid-Pacific were now giving way to the short chop and cross surges which had made us so uncomfortable the first few days out. This was another sure sign that we were approaching shore.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 5TH. All hands agreed it was a rotten night, but as it was Sunday and, with the wind holding and every sign indicating it would be our last day out, our thoughts wandered towards shore and all the good things in store for us. The steamer with our loved ones aboard was now in Honolulu harbor, and perhaps all the other yachts were in and the yachtsmen having the time of their lives, while we poor mortals were still outside in the wet, missing all the fun on shore. Were we downhearted? Perish the thought! Otto the songbird and composer, was scraping the salt and verdigris from the brass binnacle, to the tune of "Ain't we got fun," laying special emphasis on the line, "And the grass skirts make the boys look longer," until we could all sing it in perfect unison. It may not be classic music, but it was aston-

ishing how we could all harmonize, particularly on the line referred to. The words ran about as follows:

With the yachtsmen from old Newport,
Ain't we got fun—
We are all here, full of good cheer,
Ain't we got fun—
Here at Honolulu with the rest of the bunch
We'll show the gang that Newport's got the *punch*.

If you brew it lead us to it,
And we'll have fun.
Brandy Okey but no Poi—
Still we'll have fun.
There's nothing surer, that
The grass skirts make the boys look longer,
In the meantime, still between time,
We'll all have fun.

I had given Bill, the cook, special instructions to serve a light lunch only; for that night, as is the custom of the deep, was the skipper's dinner—the last night before reaching port—and as a rule it is a festive occasion. Accordingly, I instructed Bill, with all the emphasis I could muster, to spread himself all over the galley, to delve into sundry nooks and corners of the ship's stores, and to serve the whole damn crew, including the cook, the best in the house, at five bells. All Bill said was, "Yes, Cap." The light lunch was disposed of quickly, because all hands were now seriously at work, polishing brass and making the ship as presentable as possible. Our noon sight was lat-

itude $21^{\circ} 52'$ N., longitude $154^{\circ} 50'$ W., course WSW. $1\frac{1}{2}$ W., and the little Irish spinnaker pulling like a daisy. That afternoon the inevitable happened, and I started it by being the first to shave. It was some job to hack off that patch of gray alfalfa, thoroughly set with sea salt, copper paint and syrup drippings from the hot cakes. It took three of Mr. Durham-duplexes' toughest blades to accomplish the transformation,

but believe me, boys, the results were worth the price.

When I presented arms to the quarter deck, the watch wanted to kiss me for a blushing bride. However, I sternly ordered those other hyenas to go below and do likewise, and from the sounds which emanated from the cabin the balance of the afternoon, one would have thought a delegation of foreign diplomats were below attending a Russian anti barber



"BILL" MANICURING A FEW SPUDS



GETTING A POST MERIDIAN SIGHT IN THE TROPICS

shop demonstration. There were mingled sounds of groans and cheers, muffled cuss words, and occasionally a yelp of triumph when the task was successfully negotiated. One by one they emerged, tired but clean, and once more recognizable by their maiden names. The only one who did not make good was Put. He came up just as formerly, and in comparison with us, his face looked like a shredded wheat biscuit right out of Kellogg's oven in Battle Creek. Brad said, "He looks like hell or a Dutch comedian," but Put said that we were all wrong and averred his whiskers were the only thing on board now which insured the wind holding out until shore was reached. It was then eight bells, and Mac and I took our last sights, Mac working out our position on the

Sumner line method while I stayed with the only one I knew, the Martelli system of time sights. Twenty minutes later, we compared results. Mac's observation gave us a position on the chart with seven miles northing and five miles westing over mine. We both claimed to be correct after carefully checking up our figures, but after a few moments' deliberation, I decided to abide by my own figures, which were accordingly charted. The day's run registered one hundred and forty-two miles. At four bells on the little dog watch, the ship began to look like it had on leaving Santa Barbara. Mac scrubbed up and used furniture polish on the bright woodwork, which removed the marks of battle in an efficient manner. All the junior officers completed the brass-polishing act. There were just two hundred and eighty-four pieces of brass aboard, so it was a task of no small proportions. We had just time to clean up for the skipper's dinner. The ship's locker for "medicinal purposes only," was again raided, and the entire ship's company, including the cook, was treated to a cup of grog. We sat down expectantly and then Bill began to act. Dear folks! listen to this for a menu, fifteen days at sea on a fifty-four foot boat, from a galley no larger than miladi's hat box: Fruit cocktail, split pea soup, lettuce and tomato salad (out of a can) with mayonnaise dressing, roast beef (also out of a can) with mashed

potatoes and brown gravy, asparagus tips (more can) on toast with drawn butter, a bottle of claret, fruit cake, cheese and crackers, coffee and cigars. We sat around that little table for two hours, and merely ate, forgetting entirely poor Mac at the wheel, and feeling dreadfully sorry for the poor folks who were compelled to eat ordinary food in hotels and clubs and all messed up in evening clothes and starched collars. History will never again record another such meal as on the schooner yacht Viking IV in latitude $21^{\circ} 40' N.$, longitude $155^{\circ} 46' W.$, seven

P.M., apparent time

ship, Sunday, August

5th, in the year of

our Lord, 1923. The

first watch was set

with Put and Beech,

and before going be-

low I instructed

them to be on the

lookout for Kalau-

papa light on Molo-

kai Island, two

points on the port

bow about midnight.

The rest went below.

As Brad and myself

had the middle



“BEECH” WORKING UP A
FINE COAT OF TAN, MINUS HIS WHISKERS

watch, we took the after bunks, and as I lay trying to digest my meal and get a few winks of sleep, I overheard some choice bits of conversation from above. Voice No. 1: "The Cap says we will fetch Kalaupapa light on the port bow tonight." Voice No. 2: "I don't take much stock in these amateur navigators. I believe we have cleared the islands and are pointing towards Australia." Voice No. 1: "Mebbe you are right, but Cap has figured a hell of a lot, and marked up all the charts. He might accidentally be right." Voice No. 2: "I'll feel damnside better when we get in." With these and similar cheering words, I began to wonder whether or not I was at all sure about our position on the broad Pacific, and whether I should not, after all, have accepted Mac's observation, rather than my own. However, "faint heart never won fair lady," so I fell into a troubled sleep, to be rudely awakened, in what seemed but a moment later, by Put's basso profundo voice announcing, "Eight bells midnight; time to change watch." It was 12:05 A.M., Monday, when Brad and I piled up on deck, and in a voice full of bravado I demanded to know if they had picked up the light. The cheery answer was that there was no light in sight, and that they had reasonable doubts about us finding any light. With the same bravado voice, but a little weak in the knees, I sternly ordered them below, and told them that

we would not only find the light, but show them land in the morning. They said, "Yes! sir," but I know they did not believe it. All this time my knees were getting weaker; anyway, it was a dark night and no moon. I asked Brad to take the wheel and I ambled out on the bowsprit to get a good look. I saw nothing, till, hanging on to the slippery bowsprit for awhile, I made myself believe, by constant staring, that away out on



THE SKIPPER "SEEING THINGS"

the port bow there was a tiny spot not quite as black as the rest of the horizon, but one always sees things at night, so I worked back to the cockpit and told Brad to go forward. All was quiet for a few

minutes, and I held the ship's nose on the line which my course on the chart said was Diamond Head. All of a sudden, Brad yelled out like a maniac, "There's the light!" "Where away?" says I, in a voice unconcerned, like a man who has just been handed a million dollars. "Two points on the port bow," hollers Brad. "Amen and Eureka, likewise three cheers for the amateur navigators," says I. My first impulse was to jump overboard and swim for the light, but a hasty glance at the chart showed this to be seventeen miles away, so I merely danced a jig in the cockpit, forgetting all about the wheel until the boom came over and knocked a little sense into my skull. Then Brad suggested that we yank out of bed those miserable pups below, bang their heads together, and show them the light. This sounded good, but after mature deliberation, we decided to let them sleep and feast their eyes on the shore scenery after daylight. It was a great satisfaction to know that our course was true and that our position on the chart was exactly right.

We were sailing along with a spanking trade wind, which, with a swift current assisting, soon brought the blinking light into plainer view. It surely was a welcome sight, for now I knew that the end was in sight, and before the day was done we would be on terra firma with our loved ones and friends. By four A.M. we had Kalaupapa light abeam, bright and clear, with the shore line



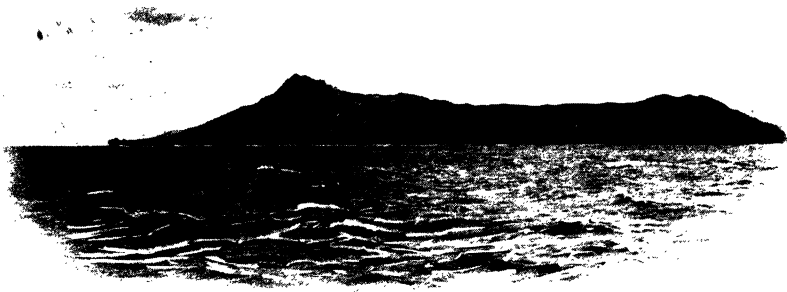
COCOANUT ISLAND THREATENED WITH A RAIN STORM

faintly outlined, five miles away. We also saw the Southern Cross low down on the horizon abaft the beam, the four little twinkling stars which bear the same relation to southern navigators that Polaris does to men who sail in northern latitudes. Our course was WSW. $1\frac{1}{2}$ S. to clear Diamond Head. We now called the last watch, Otto and Mac, who came on deck in a hurry when informed of the good news. We let Put and Beech sleep on. Those blackguards could sleep and never bat a blinker if we scuttled the ship. Even Bill, the cook, the imperturbable, smiled broadly when he stuck his head out of the galley hatch and learned we had discovered land. There was no sleep for Brad and me that night. We had too much to crow over, and besides we enjoyed listening to Mac tell us all about what he was going to show us in Honolulu. Mac had lived on the islands many years and knew the ropes. By six, it was broad daylight, and as we went below to get a little wink before breakfast, we shook Put and Beech out of their stupor, and pressing their faces against the port lights, they saw the green sloping hills of Molokai, now fast falling astern to leeward. They were now wide-awake and decent enough to admit they actually saw land, and that maybe we would get to shore after all. My rest was very brief, for we wanted to get an early breakfast, as there was much work to do. We now started cleaning ship

in earnest, and by ten A.M., we had Makapui Point abeam, and the little ship looking spick and span. Skipper and crew were clean shaven with fresh white linen. It was a wonderful morning. We were running free under spinnaker, balloon and main, logging nine and one-half knots. The weather was warm, but not depressing. We were all more or less sorry the journey's end was approaching, and one of the boys said, "Gee! I wish we had two or three more weeks at sea," and this sentiment prevailed. At eleven A.M., Koko Head on Oahu Island was abeam, and we were now close enough in to pick out individual objects on shore.

The channel was wild and choppy; the angry breakers dashing against the abutting coral-encrusted rocks, throwing silvery spray high into the air. Above was the green sloping ground, breaking here and there into dark cañons between high mountainous tops. The cocoa palms, with their long slender trunks, could be seen here and there, rising from and silhouetted against a brighter green patch of sugar cane or pineapple plantation. Towering up into the low lying clouds, the bare volcanic peaks lay partly buried. The whole formed a panorama which cast a spell upon us all. As we sped along this wondrous coast, new scenes unfolded themselves, and now we began to see habitations, with Diamond Head on the starboard bow. Running straight for the finishing line and wonder-

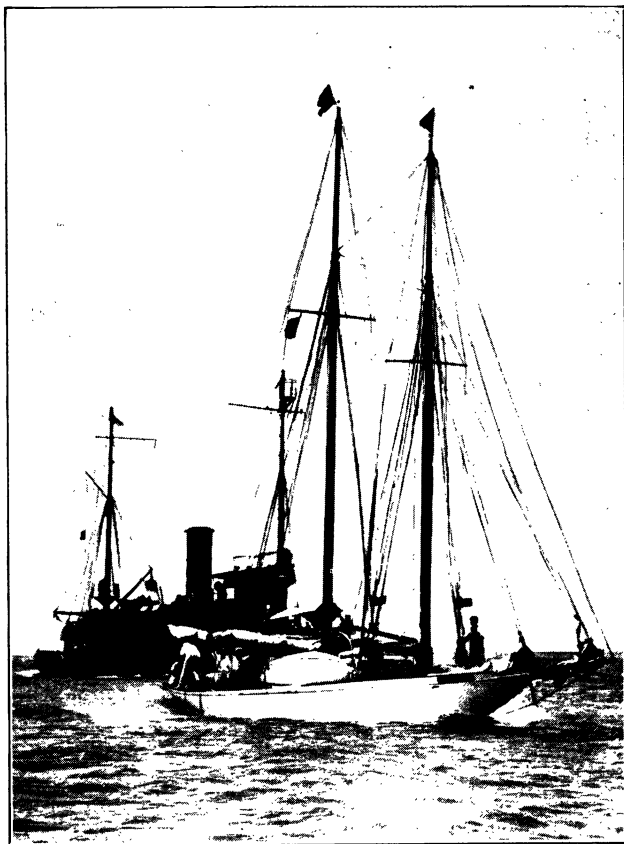
ing what was in store for us, we picked up Diamond Head lighthouse. Through the glasses, we saw a crowd of spectators around the base of the lighthouse, and then observed that the American flag was hanging at half mast. Immediately we became solemn and apprehensive. A government flag, half masted, could mean nothing short of a national calamity, and our first thoughts came upon our nation's chief executive, who was touring Alaska when we left the west coast. We crossed the finishing line off Diamond Head at 11:28 A.M., Monday, August 6th, fifteen days, twenty-two hours and fifty-eight minutes out of Santa Barbara. As we swept towards Honolulu Harbor, passing Waikiki beach with its beautiful setting of houses, trees and shrubbery, we saw three steamers and



DIAMOND HEAD FROM THE VIKING'S BOWSPRIT

several seaplanes approaching. We hoisted our quarantine flag and began to shorten sail. The first one to reach us was the U. S. lighthouse tender, Kukui. We hove-to as she came alongside. On board, in addition to Captain Erickson, master of the ship, was Mr. Thurston, chairman of the Honolulu race and regatta committee, Mr. Clarence MacFarlane, Mr. Charles Wilder, Mr. Arch Brown, of the old South Coast Yacht Club at San Pedro, and now a resident of Honolulu, Mr. Al Rouselle, of Newport Beach, California, representing the Newport Harbor Yacht Club—under whose colors we were racing. In addition were a number of prominent newspaper men, Mr. Mike Joy, and some of the leading citizens of Honolulu. Meanwhile, the other steamers came up and stood by while three naval planes circled the air above us.

When alongside, Captain Erickson announced that our beloved President Harding was dead. We took our caps off, and silently half-masted our ensign. We were glad to be in port and to experience this wonderful reception, but were sorely saddened by the news. However, the world must go on, and our sad thoughts were put aside as we made ready for a tow to the harbor. Arriving at the City Pier, we were greeted by the various committees and citizens. Native leis were placed around our necks. We sang to the natives about “Digging up the Mud in Honolulu Bay,” etc—



VIKING IV

With sails furled and crew slicking up the decks after crossing the finishing line off Diamond Head; in tow of the U. S. S. Kukui into Honolulu Harbor, and escorted by U. S. government tug.

(applause). Then we stopped for a moment to learn the outcome of the race. The Mariner was the first to arrive, but lost first place to the Diablo on time allowance. The Poinsettia, class boat with the Mariner, had turned back. This we already knew, having met her homeward bound on the second day out of Santa Barbara. The Idalia, class boat with the Diablo, had caught fire and was forced back on the second day, as some of the crew had been burned by gasoline, and we were surely sorry over this unfortunate news. I cabled my sympathies from the crew of Viking IV to Captain Eyer of the Idalia, a good friend of many years' standing. The Spindrift, classed with my Viking, had not yet arrived, so we had won first in our class and third in the field. For this good news, we gave three rousing cheers, and our old friend Al Rouselle, from Newport, who gave us a royal welcome, insisted on taking the whole ship's crew uptown for lunch. Before we left the boat, a wonderful basket of native flowers came on board with a card of welcome from Clarence MacFarlane, an old South Coast man, now of Honolulu, and a veteran of former trans-Pacific races. I was disappointed in not seeing Mrs. Soiland at the landing. She, poor girl, had been straining her eyes day and night since the steamer arrived, on the lookout for the little Viking, and at the moment of our arrival had been induced by her friends

to take an auto ride into the country. Under the leadership of Al Rouselle, we piled into autos and were driven out to the Moana Hotel on Waikiki beach, where rooms had been reserved for us. After washing off the stains of travel, Mr. and Mrs. Rouselle served a sumptuous lunch on the broad veranda of the hotel, and we fell to like a pack of hungry wolves. Just in the midst of the festivities, we saw Mrs. Soiland and Mrs. Miller in the offing, making a bee-line for our noisy corner. The whole crew immediately rose to its feet and sang lustily, "For We Haven't Seen a Girl in Fifteen Days," etc., and believe me, boys! it was a happy reunion. During the afternoon, the last of the yachts to arrive was the Spindrift, with all well on board, so now our joy was supreme, all boats in, no serious accidents of any kind, and everybody well and happy.

That night, Mrs. Soiland gave the crew of Viking IV and their lady friends, a dinner not soon to be forgotten. She had provided place cards of unique design, little Hawaiian maidens on cardboard. A large mechanical Hula dancing girl occupied a prominent place on the table, and when wound up, gave a startling life-like imitation of the swaying native Hula dancer. The center of the table carried an immense basket of American Beauty roses, the most wondrous arrangement of its kind I had ever seen. This was a present from Staff Com-



THE CREW ON DECK

Immediately after coming to anchor in Honolulu and after being greeted by committee, and the ceremonial lei having been placed around our necks.

Upper row, left to right: Beecher Hungerford, Alex McDermott, Albert Soland, Bill Bahot, Claude Putnam, Otto Wildey. Lower row: C. W. Bradbury, Claude Putnam, Otto Wildey. All trying to look pleasant right against the blazing sun. We were proud of our clean whites and clean shaves.

modore Frank Smith and Mr. P. Barron of the Newport Harbor Yacht Club, who had cabled their congratulations and ordered this beautiful basket of roses in honor of the Viking's performance. The dinner was a most happy affair. In addition to the Viking's crew were Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Robinson, Los Angeles friends, who made the trip over with Mrs. Soiland for the purpose of greeting us, Mrs. Frank Miller and her son, Wallace, lifelong friends from Los Angeles, Miss Kingwell, also of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rouselle, loyal fellow club members from Newport Beach, and Captain Lester of the good ship Calawaii. One of the most striking impressions that we first gained upon landing in Honolulu was the magnificent flora everywhere in evidence. The flowers radiated every hue of the rainbow, and appeared in lavish profusion on all sides. To us tars, it seemed that we had arrived in fairyland. After becoming acquainted with the city's representative inhabitants, we felt very much at home.

The committee on entertainment informed us that they had laid out a comprehensive program of entertainment for us, beginning at the Governor's palace and ending up in a blaze of glory a week later in the Moana Hotel, but on account of the recent death of President Harding, wisely decided to curtail all unnecessary jollifications. This decision was heartily concurred in by all the race

participants, so the intervening days were given up to simple formalities connected with the yachting regatta. Tuesday was devoted to getting acquainted with our new surroundings and to quiet sight-seeing. Some were driven around the Island of Oahu in automobiles furnished by the Chamber of Commerce. On this day, I received a cablegram from Clifford Smith, secretary of the Pacific Coast Yachting Association, at San Francisco, asking if I could arrange a return race, Honolulu to San Francisco, and that suitable cups would be provided for this event. The Coast Association was to hold a week's regatta at San Francisco, beginning July 21st, and they desired to feature a return trans-Pacific race as part of their big program. A meeting was immediately called of the four skippers, Captain Norris of the *Mariner*, Captain Peddar of the *Diablo*, Captain Overton of the *Spindrift*, and I, representing the *Viking*, and after some discussion, it was agreed that the race could be held, final arrangements to be made later. In order to have the boats finish before the San Francisco regatta closed, it was necessary to send them off quickly, and Thursday was selected and four P.M. as the hour. Captain Norris was the only one of the masters who could return on his own boat. Commodore Peddar returned on the *Steamer* Wednesday, and Admiral Overton and I did not wish to leave the islands and our newly formed

friends so soon. We three, therefore, engaged professional crews to sail our respective boats. On Wednesday, the 7th, the yachtsmen were luncheon guests of the Rotary Club and enjoyed very much the hospitality of that active organization. Time between functions was devoted to bathing at Wai-kiki beach, which is world famous for its unique sports. Here, one who is adept may ride the surf boards. This is an exhilarating sport in the breakers, and one in which the native Hawaiians excel. For those who like a little variety, the outrigger canoe offers exciting possibilities. This is accomplished usually with the aid of a native canoeist, who guides the frail craft thru a line of breakers until the crest of a swiftly moving one is reached, which propels the craft shoreward



A BIT OF HAWAII

through whirling spray at express-train speed. It was a delightful experience. The night life at the hotel is very enjoyable. The management provides an excellent orchestra, and dancing is indulged in, under a myriad of bright-colored electric lights, which are hung in the branches of a wonderful banyan tree occupying the center of the court. These affairs are attended largely by the smart-looking navy officers and their ladies, who add a touch of formality to the occasion. We met a number of splendid officers who vied with the citizens in showing the yachtsmen many courtesies; outstanding among these were Commander and Mrs. Sherman, Lieutenant and Mrs. Reynolds, Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Colyear and Commander and Mrs. Steele.

Wednesday night the main event occurred, when all the yachtsmen with their ladies were the guests of Honolulu yachtsmen and leading citizens. This was the banquet and presentation of prizes. The main dining room of the Moana Hotel was a blaze of color and flowers, and I can truthfully state I have never seen a more artistic or elaborate setting. This was largely due to the generous activity of our genial host, Mr. Von Hamm.

The dinner was sumptuous, and the entertainment replete with delightful novelties. The outstanding features were patriotic speeches from Rear Admiral J. D. McDonald, U. S. N., in command of the



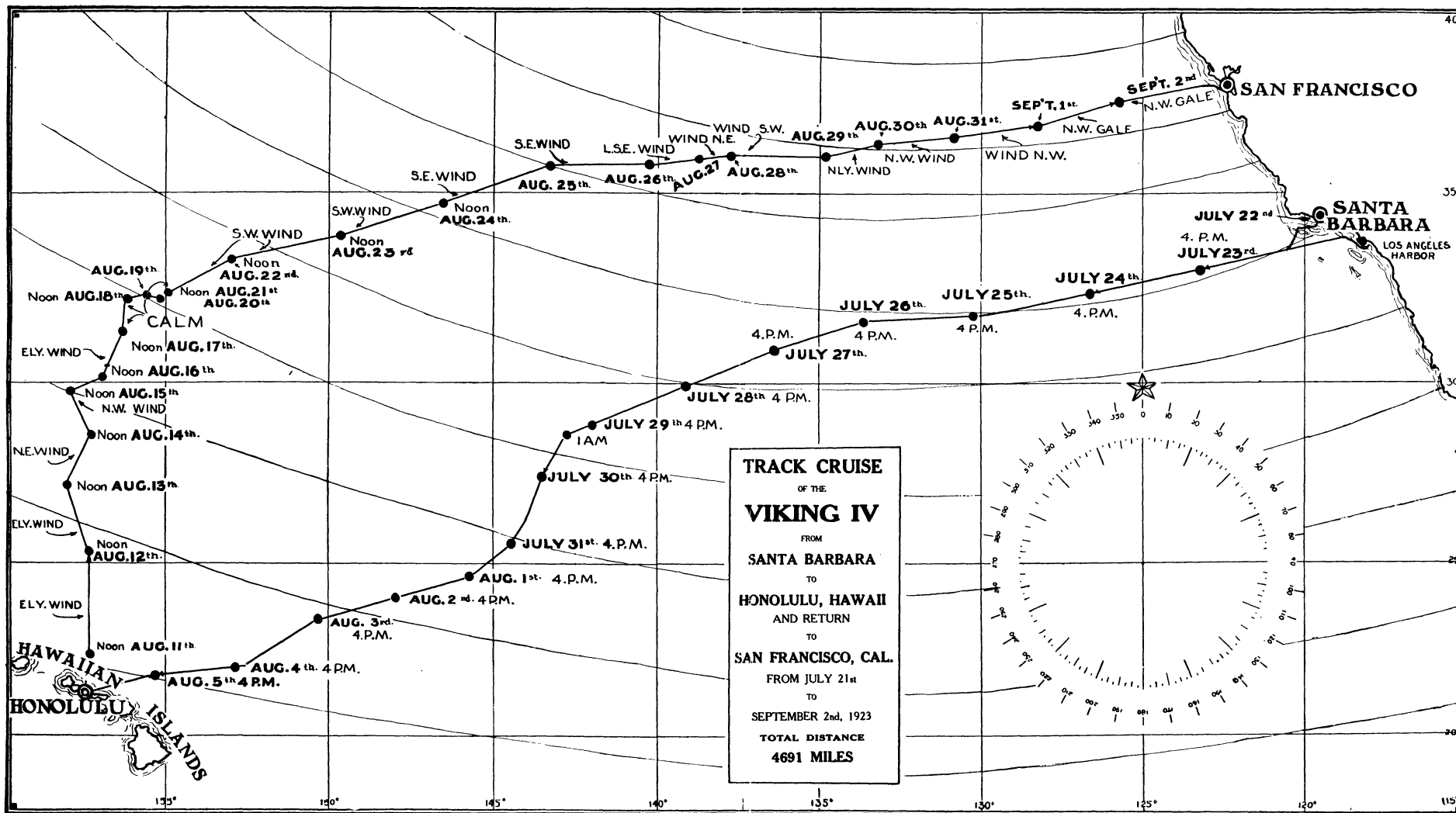
THE TROPHIES OF THE RACE AND SKIPPER IN RECEPTIVE MOOD

Upper left: Large sterling silver trophy, donated by Don Lee, for first place in class. Upper right: Silver mounted polished Koa wood or native mahogany bowl, a unique and beautiful specimen of native Hawaiian wood craft, third place in field. Lower center: Sterling silver fruit bowl, donated by Mr. Spreckels of San Francisco, third place prize in return race, Honolulu to San Francisco.

Pearl Harbor Naval Station, and Major General Chas. P. Summerall, in command of the army base. A wonderful ceremonial dance, with singing, called the Flowers of the Islands by beautiful daughters of the islands, was a rare treat. Native songs and melodies of singular charm were interspersed between the speaking numbers. Admiral McDonald, of the U. S. Navy base, presented the trophies to the winning yachts, and he made a happy little speech with each trophy. Commodore Peddar, of the Diablo, received the silver mounted koa bowl—first prize—presented by the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, and the silver class trophy presented by the city of Santa Barbara. Captain Norris, of the Mariner, received the second prize, koa bowl from the Honolulu Chamber of Commerce, and the silver class cup presented by the White King Company. The Viking was awarded the third prize—koa bowl, and the big silver trophy presented by Don Lee. This was originally intended to be the first prize in class events, but owing to the fact that my boat was the only one to finish first in the class events, the committee decided that the Viking should have it, much to the joy of skipper and crew. Admiral Overton, of the Spindrift, was given a koa bowl, and the consolation prize—which in reality was the most valuable of all—a wonderful silver trophy, presented by one of Honolulu's leading citizens. This had been in the donor's

family for many years, and had a yachting history both interesting and unique. The Honolulu committee had intended to present every yacht that finished the race, a participant's trophy, in the shape of the famous native koa bowl. As only four yachts finished, altho six started, the committee decided to present the two remaining bowls to the yachts, though not finishing, had actually started in the race in good faith. This decision was greeted with cheers, and the two remaining bowls were ordered shipped to the respective boats in Los Angeles. The party held sway until a late hour, and was formally adjourned by all hands standing hand-in-hand, singing "Aloha."

Thursday, we were all busy getting the yachts ready for their long race, against wind and weather, to San Francisco. Captain Norris, of the *Mariner*, had his original crew all ready to go back. Commodore Peddar, of the *Diablo*, had a splendid navigator—who had brought the boat over—and the original, full crew. He had given them full instructions before taking the steamer back to the mainland. Admiral Overton also had a reliable navigator with a full crew. I was in worse luck. My crew, except McDermott and the cook, were all yachtsmen, and all wanted to remain on the island for a number of days, so I had to hustle around for a crew. I finally picked up two husky sailors and a runaway boy, who wanted to get



back home to mother. McDermott was accordingly signed as master, and with Bill-the-cook's assistance, we had the boat provisioned and stocked in ample time. The city officials gave us all every assistance possible. They provided free dockage and wharfing facilities, also fresh water. They assigned tugs to tow each yacht out into the fairway without cost, and were royal hosts in every way. Captain Erickson placed his steamer, Kukui, at our disposal, and shortly before four o'clock, he cleared for the starting line with over a hundred guests on board to see the yachts off on the homeward stretch. I felt strangely affected in seeing the little Viking go on without me, but the word had been given and now they were off. The Harbor of Honolulu was alive with vessels, out to give a parting salute to the four brave little ships, and they made an inspiring spectacle as they bore up to the line. The Spindrift was across first, making a beautiful start. The Mariner and Diablo followed in close order and the Viking last. The big steamer whistle on the Kukui gave three long blasts as the four yachts stood off close-hauled in the teeth of the freshening northeast trade wind. We followed a short distance out then turned back to Honolulu. The Spindrift had an accident with its main rigging and hove-to several hours for repairs losing considerable time in the race. She had made such a beautiful start and we were all



GOING ALOFT FOR COCOANUTS

sorry at her hard luck. On the way back we discussed the chances of the boats in the race, and I felt as though I had lost my best friend. My good wife cheered me up, however, and I was soon quite normal again, but I could not quite reconcile myself

to the fact that the Viking had sailed away without the "old man" at the wheel. Back to the hotel, we found a card on the dresser announcing we were expected to attend dinner with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. They had invited a number of Honolulu friends, and we enjoyed a delight-

ful evening in their company, as well as a remarkably fine dinner.

On Friday morning Mr. Bradbury announced a trip to the sugar factory in the forenoon, and one to the pineapple cannery in the afternoon. He had a personal friend on the island, Mr. Mehrtens, who placed a car at our disposal, and we went forth. Mr. Mehrtens proved a splendid host, and provided us with many comforts which are not easily obtained away from one's own home. The sugar plantation was intensely interesting. We watched with rapt attention every step in the process—of bringing the cane from the fields into the grinding machinery, and then, progressively thru the different mills, solvents, boilers, vats, rotors and driers, until the pure white sugar came out of one chute and thick heavy sorghum out of another. After lunch, we visited the Hawaiian Pineapple Company's enormous plant, and here we were even more impressed than with our sugar mill experience. The first thought, when we saw the acres of fresh pineapples piled upon huge carriers and about to be fed into the peeling and slicing machinery was, "How on earth could the territory of Hawaii produce enough fruit to supply this enormous institution with work?" Man's ingenuity seemed unlimited as we picked our way through a maze of peeling, cutting, slicing, and canning

operations that went on with a perplexing speed and regularity. Machinery with arms, eyes, legs, hands and teeth performed work entirely beyond the scope and ability of similar human members. I cannot recall with accuracy the figures our guide gave us, but believe he said that in the busy season they packed forty thousand cases of pineapple per day. As the whole world is their market, this production seems reasonable, but to me the amount was staggering. My professional training led me to investigate the working conditions in an institution of this kind, and I was both surprised and pleased with the results. The sanitary conditions under which the plants are operated are splendid, (this includes also the sugar mill), and I have no hesitancy in recommending this feature to all concerned. The personal cleanliness demanded of the employees was apparent from the modern wash-rooms, rest rooms, and comfort stations supplied both to men and women in their respective departments. Not only were modern porcelain and marble lavatories provided, but also a generous supply of shower bath booths, with separate dressing rooms, were available. Next in interest was the first-aid station and hospital in charge of competent physicians and nurses. The most striking department of the entire plant was the kitchen and dining-rooms. Here an employee could obtain, for the small sum of five cents, a real meal,

consisting of a large bowl of boiled rice, with mashed potatoes and meat gravy and two generous slices of white bread, on a plate. For ten cents, the foregoing was enforced by a plate of meat stew and coffee, with pie. If one desired to squander fifteen cents, a more elaborate setting with ice cream and cake was obtained. I sampled the various products of this kitchen, and found everything wholesome and tasty. On inquiring from our guide—who by the way was secretary and general manager of the institution—how on earth they could afford such service, he admitted that it cost the company just double the price asked, but it more than made up the cost in time saved the employers and employees both, also the help was so thoroughly satisfied with this treatment that they made much more loyal workers. Another feature was the kiddies' playground, where mother workers could bring their children to the plant and have them taken care of by a competent nurse, all day long, with no expense to themselves. Our party felt that here was a real, human industry, and that we had learned and profited greatly that day.

ON TO KILAWAII. At five P.M., we boarded the steamer Halikali for Hilo Hawaii, for the purpose of visiting that thriving city and the famous Lake of Fire, or the volcano Kilawaii, one of the world's most interesting phenomena. The steamer was



THE INDOMITABLE SING LOO, HIMSELF, ON THE BRINK OF THE FIRE PIT SAYING: "LOOK PLEASANTLY, PLEASE"

splendidly equipped, and we were very comfortable in every way, the food being excellent and the ship's personnel agreeable. Particularly pleasing was the early morning's vista, as we glided peacefully along the lee shore of Hawaii and entered Hilo Bay. On arrival, we found waiting, a train on the scenic coast railway, which carried us along the coast a distance of forty miles, through some of the most charming scenery imaginable. On this train, we first met Tai Sing Loo, the most versatile and pleasant little Chinaman I had ever known. It developed that he was official photographer to his majesty the King of this Eden and all the way stations. In other words, he was general host to every traveler who visited Honolulu



THE ADMIRAL AND HIS "FAMILY" ALL DOLLED-UP FOR A HIKE TO THE CRATER



and Hilo, and photographed everything, reasonable and unreasonable, with equal sang-froid and with remarkable success. His tongue, arms, and legs were never still, and as he photographed, he described the wonders of the islands with an intensity that was equalled only by his good nature. He became our constant companion, and he always honored me with the title "Admiral," and alluded to our group as the "Admiral's family" on every possible occasion. This added much to our amusement. Some of the quaint expressions of Sing will never be forgotten. "Now look pleasantly, please," "Don't get excited," frequently uttered while he was racing around like mad, gesticulating and grouping us for a photo. "Remove your hats slightly," or, when conducting us thru a bit of scenery, "This is the entrance out," "We will now ascend downward." We also got a great deal of fun out of his glib pronunciation of many intricate Hawaiian words, and he apparently enjoyed our laughter, both at himself and his descriptive language. However, he was a distinct asset to our party, and we all became very fond of him before leaving the islands. The photos which illustrate this writing, that were not taken on the yacht, were all from Sing's own camera. We lunched at Hilo's commercial hotel and then departed in autos for the thirty-mile trip to Volcano House, where rooms had been secured for the night. On the

way up, I noted with great satisfaction, that the roads were in much better condition than on a previous journey to the volcano, made some eight years prior. Arriving at the Volcano House, where the elevation is such as to make the air decidedly chilly, a roaring wood fire in the open fireplace proved very welcome. As night is the best time to see the color effects of Kilawaii, we had dinner first and then, donning slickers and sou'westers provided by the hotel to keep us dry from the frequent showers, we entered our autos and drove the seven-mile winding road along the rim of the old crater, until the glow of the fire lake and the sulphurous fumes denoted our arrival at the pit. I have frequently stated that the two most impressive spectacles that have come before my vision, were the Grand Cañon of the Colorado and the volcano of Kilawaii, Hawaii. Nowhere on earth can I imagine anything which can so profoundly affect one as to suddenly be confronted with hell's own open fireplace, which is the scene opened to the startled eyes of the spectators standing on the brink of this yawning cauldron. It is one-half mile in diameter and emits from its bottomless maws wicked tongues of liquid fire—which seemingly vie with one another in an attempt to reach up and engulf the enthralled onlooker just beyond their grasp. One could stand for hours and look into this inferno, but most of us are satisfied with a few



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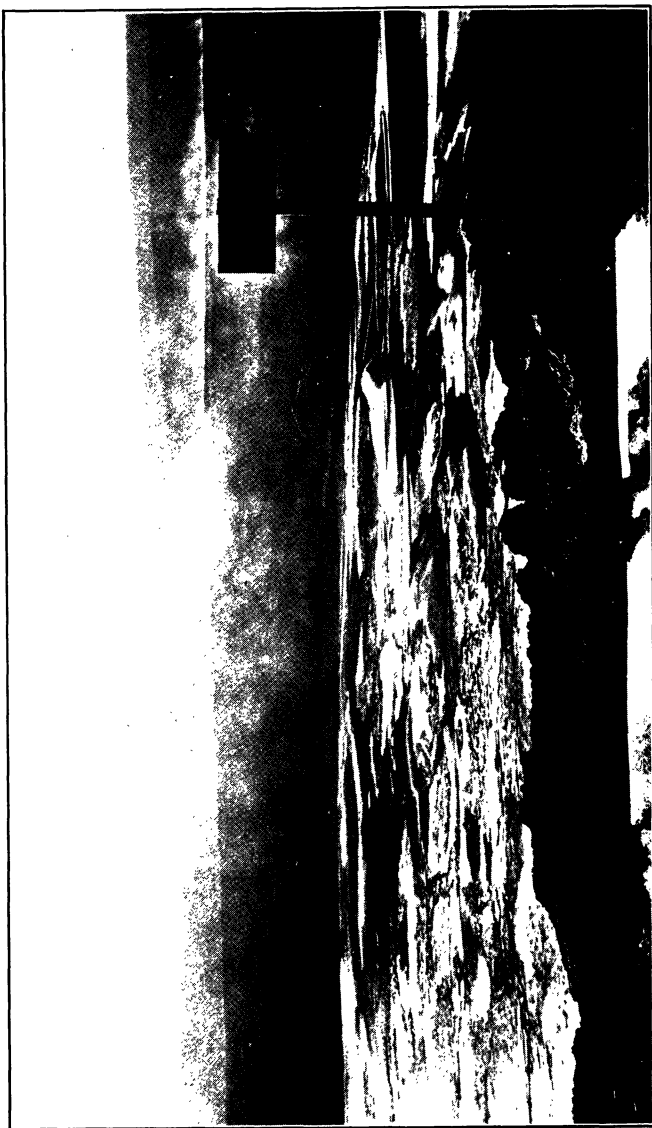
THE FIRE PIT OF KILAUEA BY NIGHT



minutes of awed silence in contemplation of this unique yet terrifying demonstration, and are glad to withdraw out of this hypnotic circle. One may live to visit and see many of nature's wonder works the world over, but never to see one which will make such an indelible stamp on the individual's memory. The effect is augmented by the assistance of total darkness, as when seen in daytime, the appearance of the whole is less terrifying. We spent a long time in viewing the fire pit on the following morning. Some of the more venturesome even crawled down over the steaming lava rocks to gain vantage points for a better view. The indomitable Sing Loo, with his ever-ready camera, seemed anxious to pose us in the middle of the fire pit, but contented himself with a set-up just as near the brink as the smothering fumes would permit us to reach. After having satisfied our sight-seeing appetite, we drove back to the Volcano House, and had lunch. Before returning to the steamer, we visited the fern forest and the tree moulds; the latter were particularly interesting in that perfect moulds of huge trees were seen where molten lava had flowed over the forest and burned everything before it, leaving holes here and there where a giant koa tree had left its imprint deep in the present cooled and hardened earth's surface. Another curious place visited was the region where so-called lava tubes had been formed. Here we

were conducted thru long subterranean tunnels made by white hot lava drilling straight bores or tubes underneath the earth's crust. We walked thru these lighted by flares and flash lights, and it was with a sense of relief that we emerged out into the sunlight, for we knew the lake of fire was but a short distance away, and perchance it would again seek an outlet thru these very channels we were then within. However, nothing happened, and we were soon on our way back to the good ship lying peacefully at Hilo dock. The next morning we were once more at Honolulu, and bade farewell to the courteous officers of the inter-island steamer, who had given us such a delightful tour.

Our first duty on shore was to hasten to the steamship office to secure our tickets back to the mainland, and great was our disappointment and resentment when we learned that the agent had sold our reservations to more favored passengers. This, in spite of the fact that we had not only reserved space, but had paid for the tickets a month prior. Their excuse was that we had not appeared a day or two before to claim our tickets. The steamer did not leave Honolulu for several days, and the agents knew also we had planned to return on this particular boat. However, we secured very good berths on another line steamer, and as this gave us several days more on the islands, our resentment over the treatment by our own home company line



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THE FIRE PIT OF KILAUEA IN THE DAYTIME



soon wore off. Our remaining few days were spent in visiting points of interest around Oaha. One feature not to be overlooked was the aquarium. Here one sees fish and many queer denizens of the deep. Some of the fish have all the hues and colors of the rainbow. Some are of such grotesque shape and appearance as to lead the observer to suspect that he had badly broken the eighteenth amendment. It seemed impossible that such fish could have been created and were actually bona fide residents of the Hawaiian Marine Gardens, yet such was the case.

On the following day, some of the yachtsmen returned to the mainland via steamer, and among them were Messrs. Putnam and Hungerford. The remainder, that afternoon, with their ladies, attended a delightful tea given by the Wilder brothers, old time yachtsmen, who have beautiful homes on the island, homes nestled in the foothills of Honolulu's outskirts and surrounded by gardens of tropical beauty.

On Thursday, our last day on shore, I called together the good hosts of Honolulu at luncheon at the University Club, and there we discussed the feasibility of rehabilitating the yachting sport on the islands. The results of this conference were that the Honolulu yacht club was promised a complete rejuvenation and a policy of boat building

inaugurated. The islanders were enthusiastic about another trans-Pacific race, and the early summer of 1925 selected as the time for the next event. A committee was appointed to arrange for this and to see that this ocean classic, the longest and sportiest ocean race in the world be permanently re-established. That night we set sail on the S. S. President Taft bound for San Francisco, and all our good friends were down to see us off. The band played Aloha, and the long serpentine streamers which bound the passengers along the ship rail to the friends on shore were gradually torn and flattened in the balmy breeze, as the gallant ship stood out of the channel. The flower leis placed around our necks as the last mark of love and friendship were cast upon the sparkling waters of the Pacific, the last tribute before the lights of Honolulu passed into the receding horizon.

After six pleasant days on the ocean, we entered the Golden Gate of San Francisco in ample time for the festivities of the Pacific Coast championship regatta. The racing yachts from Honolulu arrived in due season, and in the following order: Mariner first, Diablo second, Viking IV third, and the Spindrift fourth. All were well on board, thus completing the round trip race of five thousand miles in remarkable time, considering that the return race from Honolulu was a beat to windward

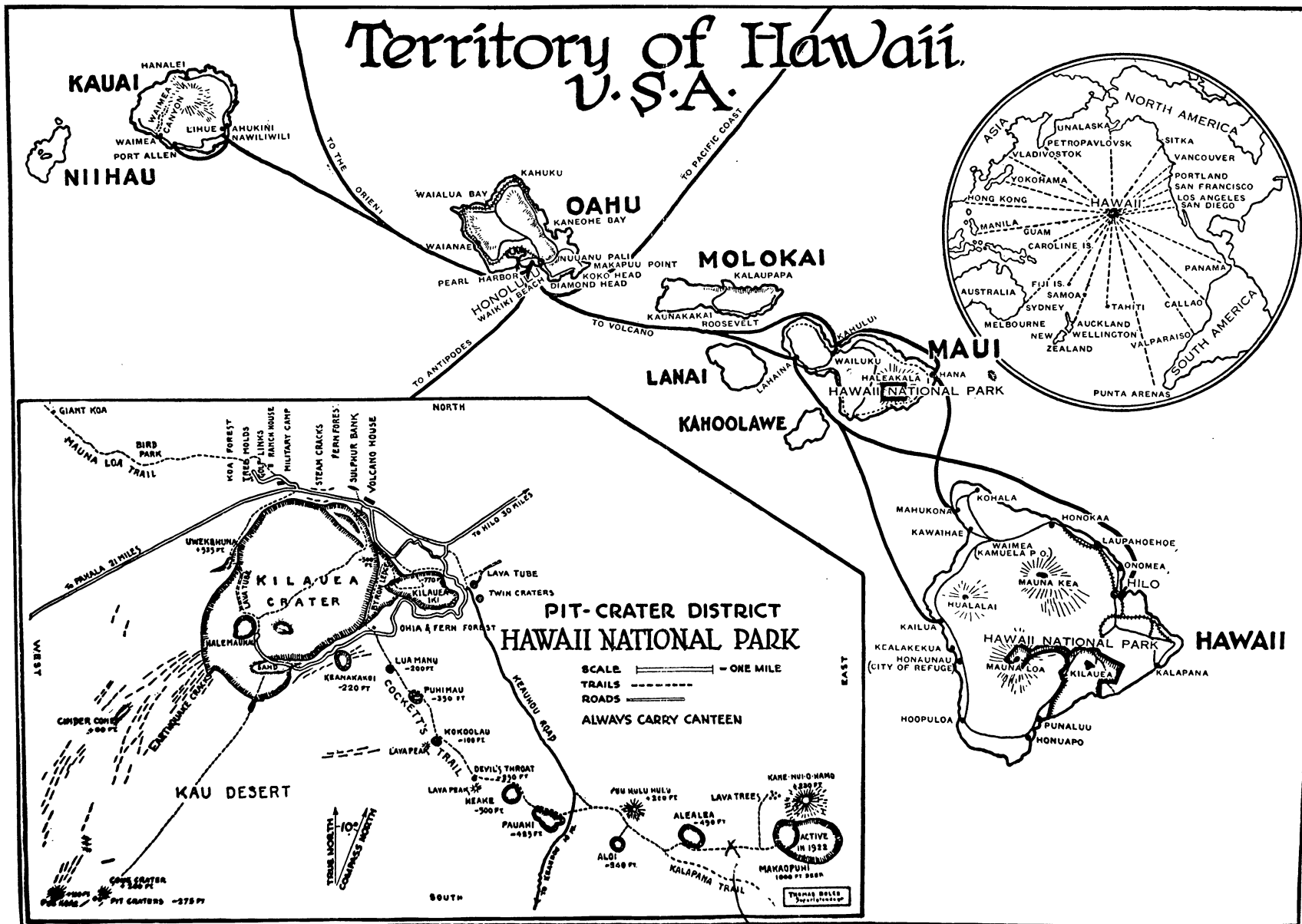


CHART OF THE ISLANDS, WITH SCALE DIAGRAM OF VOLCANO AND ENVIRONS

over nearly the entire course. The actual sailing time of the fastest boat over both courses totalled twenty-six days, that of the slowest forty days, an achievement never before attained in a sailing race of like proportions.

LEAVING HOME

	Days	Hours	Minutes	Seconds	
<i>MARINER</i> —					
Actual Time	11	14	46	00	Scratch
<i>DIABLO</i> —					
Actual Time	13	05	14	53	
Corrected Time	11	09	30	14	
<i>VIKING IV</i> —					
Actual Time	15	22	58	00	
Corrected Time	13	11	44	52	
<i>SPINDRIFT</i> —					
Actual Time	16	00	30	20	
Corrected Time	14	06	57	01	

Santa Barbara to Honolulu, leaving July 21, 1923,
12:30 P. M.

HOMEWARD BOUND

	Arrived	Days	Hours	Minutes	Time
<i>MARINER</i> —	<i>Scratch</i>				
Actual Time	Aug. 24	14	17	05	9.05 a. m.
<i>DIABLO</i> —	<i>44 hours</i>				
Actual Time		17	00	00	
Corrected Time	Aug. 26	15	04	00	4:00 p. m.
<i>VIKING IV</i> —	<i>76 hours</i>				
Actual Time		25	00	30	
Corrected Time	Sept. 3	21	20	30	4:30 p. m.
<i>SPINDRIFT</i> —	<i>50 hours</i>				
Actual Time		26	20	05	
Corrected Time	Sept. 5	24	18	05	12:05 p. m.

Honolulu to San Francisco, leaving August 9, 1923,
4:00 p. m.

APPENDIX

During the late war, yachting generally suffered, by virtue of the fact that a great many of the men belonging to the Clubs had gone into the Navy, and it was not until the conclusion of hostilities that yachting again came into its own.

Through the efforts of some of the active yachtsmen on this coast, a harmonization of yachting interests has been successfully concluded during the past three years. This was accomplished first by the different clubs in the distantly separated communities grouping themselves into club associations, thus: In the Pacific Northwest the various clubs bordering on Puget Sound, both United States and Canadian, organized the Pacific International Yachting Association. Meanwhile, on San Francisco Bay the clubs had pooled their interests under the name Pacific Interclub Yacht Association and were succeeding admirably in promulgating the sport in a mutually satisfactory manner.

The yachtsmen of the South Coast having learned from their northern friends the advantages they had derived by a cooperation of individualized interests, organized their own clubs into the Southern California Yachting Association. The bene-

fits of this Association were at once apparent by increase in club membership, by interclub fraternalism and by an increased public interest in the sport.

Impressed by the success and growth of the three Coast Associations, a conference was called by representatives from each of the local associations to consider the advisability of creating a central body which would act as an advisory board and a clearing house for the entire Pacific Coast Yachting fraternity. After due deliberation of accredited delegates from all sections of the coast, this movement was successfully negotiated in San Francisco early in January, 1923, the outcome of the meeting being the formation of an all coast organization known as the Pacific Coast Yachting Association.

This association is actively interested in promoting every phase of yachting for the greatest good of the sport itself. It will attempt to regulate and sanction dates for race meets and regattas which will conform to the best interests of all, and so arranged that each event will be accessible to every other section of the coast. It will also assist to create championship events which will carry the approval and authority of the entire Coast Yachting fraternity; its ultimate purpose being to place the science and sport of yachting upon the highest possible Corinthian plane.

The officers and Board of Control of the Pacific Coast Yachting Association for the season of 1924 are:

ALBERT SOILAND	Admiral
LESTER STONE	Vice-Admiral
JAS. GRIFFITHS.....	Rear-Admiral
CLIFFORD A. SMITH.....	Secretary and Treasurer
DANIEL S. PRATT.....	Seattle
EDW. C. SMITH.....	San Francisco
SHIRLEY E. MESERVE.....	Los Angeles
THOS. C. HAMMOND.....	San Diego
A. MELVILLE DOLLAR.....	Vancouver

In the Pacific Northwest, the Pacific International Yachting Association has the following personnel:

A. MELVILLE DOLLAR.....	Admiral
J. C. PERKINS.....	Vice-Admiral
S. B. BROOKS.....	Secretary

The Puget Sound clubs under this flag are as follows:

SEATTLE YACHT CLUB

JAS. GRIFFITHS	Commodore
COLIN RADFORD.....	Secretary

QUEEN CITY YACHT CLUB

L. H. CONRAD.....	Commodore
V. O. ROCKETT.....	Secretary

ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB

HARRY T. BARNES.....	Commodore
R. C. STEWART.....	Secretary

ROYAL VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB

RONALD M. MAITLAND.....Commodore

W. G. BREEZE.....Secretary

COWICHAN BAY YACHT CLUB

ARTHUR LANE Commodore

H. G. BUSCOMBE POOLE.....Secretary

TACOMA YACHT CLUB

ARTHUR RUST Commodore

LOCK RHEAL Secretary

PORTLAND MOTOR BOAT CLUB

R. M. SHERMAN.....Commodore

CLAY S. MORSE.....Secretary

On San Francisco Bay the Pacific Interclub
Yachting Association holds sway with:

LARRY KNIGHT President

F. L. LINEHAN.....Secretary

The component clubs of this organization with
officers are as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO YACHT CLUB

JOHN C. PIVER.....Commodore

CLIFFORD A. SMITH.....Vice-Commodore

HUNT C. HILL.....Secretary

CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB

CHAS. A. LANGLAIS.....Commodore

FRED H. MEYER.....Vice-Commodore

WM. A. BARLAGE.....Secretary

AEOLIAN YACHT CLUB

FRED GRECIAN	Commodore
DR. E. A. UPTON.....	Vice-Commodore
WM. WHITE	Secretary

OAKLAND YACHT CLUB

J. HAMILTON	Commodore
EWALD GOLSTER	Vice-Commodore
FRANK BIRD	Secretary

SOUTH BAY YACHT CLUB

FRANK COX	Commodore
RAYMOND NEWBY	Vice-Commodore
E. L. PETERSON.....	Secretary

VALLEJO YACHTING AND BOATING CLUB

J. A. BROWNE.....	Commodore
ANTONE SMITH	Secretary

In the South, the Southern California Yachting Association is presided over by:

G. BENTON WILSON.....	Admiral
SHIRLEY E. MESERVE.....	Vice-Admiral
W. P. BUTCHER, JR.....	Rear-Admiral
PAUL C. JEFFERS.....	Secretary
A. A. FROST.....	Port Commander
BENJ. P. WESTON.....	Fleet Commander

The following clubs with their officers constitute its membership:

SANTA BARBARA YACHT CLUB

W. P. BUTCHER, JR.....	Commodore
LUDWIG HOEFLING	Vice-Commodore
G. A. BERG.....	2nd Vice-Commander
HOMER SHIRRELL.....	Rear Commander
ROBERT CORNWALL	Secretary

CALIFORNIA YACHT CLUB

- HERBERT L. CORNISH.....Commodore
- BENJ. P. WESTON.....Vice-Commodore
- PAUL E. JEFFERS.....Rear Commodore
- C. E. W. HUBBELL.....Secretary

LOS ANGELES ATHLETIC CLUB

- WM. A. GARLAND.....President
- FRANK A. GARBUTT.....Vice-President
- SAMUEL C. HALL.....Secretary

LOS ANGELES YACHT CLUB

- G. BENTON WILSON.....Commodore
- MORGAN ADAMS Vice-Commodore
- E. R. ABBOTT.....Secretary

NEWPORT HARBOR YACHT CLUB

- W. STARBUCK FENTON.....Commodore
- WM. C. WARMINGTON.....Vice-Commodore
- JOS. A. BEEK.....Rear Commodore
- LEON S. HESEMAN.....Secretary

SAN DIEGO YACHT CLUB

- A. A. FROST.....Commodore
- HAL HOBSON Secretary

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